

60c

OCTOBER 1976

REPRINTED FOR POSTAGE
A. TURBOGRAPHIC

ADAM

FACT • FICTION • HUMOR



HELLBOUND
EXPRESS
Page 26



HOT

RODDING

REVIEW

THE GREAT
GETAWAY
CAR...



...Tony Kurchel's Deuce Sedan.

**STREET
MACHINE
SPECIAL**

'40 FORD FEATURE
HISTORY • CHASSIS • ENGINE • DRIVELINE
FREE HORSEPOWER

HOT

RODDING

REVIEW

SEPTEMBER/NOVEMBER ISSUE

FOR THE REAL CAR FREAK!

For dyed-in-the-wool rodders, there's a special feature on some of the best '40 Fords around. For the mild custom freak, there's "the van from Mars"; an FC Holden running a 350 mill; and an incredible custom Beetle.

**PLUS—FEATURE ON
THE NEW ZEALAND
ROD SHOW;
A GREAT TECHNICAL
ARTICLE ON "FREE
HORSEPOWER"— AND
A LOT MORE!**



CONTENTS

FACT

POUNO - THE NAZI TORTURER OF STALAG 12

Ned Tanfield 10

David Edwards 18

THE EQUALISER

THE CHEESEBOX THAT SHOOK THE WORLD

Graham Andrews 24

THE SEARCH FOR THE BLOODIEST TREASURE

J. D. O'Leary 30

ORACULA: VAMPIRE OR NICE GUY?

Harrison Richardson 34

FICTION

NIGHT VISIT

Great Glastonbury 4

MOANA

J. Edward Brown 18

HELLBOUNO EXPRESS

Mike Rader 26

THE ROARING KILL

T. T. Flynn 40

THE SQUAO

Stephen McLeod 48

THE CLOCKWORK CAPER

Alvin Tari 50

PIN-UPS

9, 33, 49, 59

GIRL FEATURES

FLOWER SONG

14

HIGH FLYER

22

SUSAN BROWN

44

BIRD OF PARADISE

74

Published by Kenway Press
Pty Ltd, 102 Castlereagh Street,
North Sydney, NSW,
2000. Published by The K.
G. Murray Publishing
Company Pty Ltd, 142
Chancery Street, Sydney,
2000.

DISTRIBUTORS:
GORDON & GOTCH
(AUSTRALIA) LTD, MEL-
BOURNE, THE K. G.
MURRAY PUBLISHING
COMPANY PTY LTD,
SYDNEY.

Annual subscription rate to
address in Australia —
\$6.40. Other countries —
\$11.00. *Recommended
price.

Because of the new
Australian Postal
Commission charges, it is
no longer possible to
return manuscripts or reply
to letters unless return
postage, in postage or
international reply
coupons, is included.

ADAM

OCTOBER, 1976

VOL 61, No. 5





Night Visit

FICTION/Grant Glastonbury

They came in the night. Four against one. But underestimated a man's love for his woman.

ALTHOUGH the countryside was cold, our small, stone farm house was warm and snug inside. The dim light from the open fire and kerosene lanterns added to the comfortable atmosphere, making the real world seem far away. My wife of five weeks, Julie, was washing herself from a plastic bowl of steaming water when I first heard the sound of the engine.

We had moved into the house only a week before and in that time hadn't heard many vehicles nearby, so the sound of this one caused me to leave the magazine I was reading and to walk outside. The chill July breeze made the tips of my ears tingle as I searched the darkness for the source of the sound.

The major roads in that area were five kilometers apart and were linked by a dirt track that dropped and twisted itself through the mullet scrub. Our own track or driveway was perhaps 300 metres long, running from the other and provided the only access to the house.

Still distant, the motor revved and then faded as it made its way through the gullies and craters that crossed the rough track at regular intervals. I was about to turn back inside when I glimpsed a shaft of bright, white light streaming through the trees. Spotlights.

"See anything?" Julie asked when I came indoors.

"Spotlights," I told her and the distinct creaking booms of a shotgun half-stopped the word.

Julie looked up apprehensively as she heard the report, so I went over and put my hands on her smooth, bare shoulders. "Nothing to worry about," I soothed. "It's just some farmers shooting a fox or rabbit — pests."

She moved closer to me and I

recalled in the sensations warmth of her naked body.

"I'm so glad I'm with you," she purred, "you wouldn't let anything happen to us, would you?"

"Of course I wouldn't my love. Look, if it'll make you feel any better I'll load the rifle."

"Oh, yes please, Jeff, anything. I know it's silly of me, but nearly every day I read in the paper that someone's been murdered — like that couple in Queensland."

I went into the bedroom, stepping over the pantop and gear that was lying around, picked up my .32 Ruger and a box of ammunition and went back to Julie.

"The chance of something like that happening to us must be a million to one — more. Besides, I can look after us, no worries."

I had been out a year after two years in "Nam and that was one of the things that had made me want to get out into the country, away from people — away from the city. Julie had been sympathetic and hadn't liked the city much herself, so we bought that place and the 70-odd acre sheep station, using a war service loan. The plan was that I would write the Great Australian Novel while raising sheep animals and growing vegetables to keep us from starving and from using our bank balances to excess. I had a lot of things to say about that Asian war and was determined to present it, alone, corruption and all to the people of the world.

Julie finished her wash as I stood the now loaded rifle over the fireplace against the wall. Outside the engine noise still rose and fell, but was definitely closer. I watched Julie pull on a flannel wrap, a present from my brother, and for the thousandth time checked my lucky stars for finding a girl like her.

The vehicle was getting very close by then. "I think we may be having visitors, Hon," I said.

Her face was tense as we listened to the vehicle's approach, the crunch of stones and the squeak of a spring. I parted her hair and went outside.

It was coming up our drive all right. The brilliant light caught me in its cone making me look away. Julie stood in the doorway watching the platform of light approach, holding her wrap tight around her against the cold. The car broke clear of the scrub and rolled toward us, spotlight steady on our figures. The doorshot behind me as Julie went in, probably to change.

I could see only vague shapes on the tray of the utility that pulled to a halt a couple of metres away from us. The headlights and the spotlight almost simultaneously, dying to an orange glow before fading altogether, followed by the motor.

The doors opened and then clattered as two people got out of the cab and I heard a boot bang against metal as others jumped from the rear.

"Hello," I said.

Someone grunted what could have been a greeting and apprehension rose in my stomach as the dark shapes crepted over the dirt towards me.

Julie opened the door and the yellow lamplight spilled out, dimly illuminating our guests as they drew nearer. There were four of them, dressed in jeans and jackets of various types, and all of them were woolly-knitted hats pulled down around their ears.

"Any luck?" I asked as they stopped in front of me.

"Nah," one of them said. He was wearing a check lumber-jacket and had a belt with a sheath knife slung around his waist on the outside of the coat.

"Just a give," said another, who was wearing a denim jacket over a leather top — a rig I had seen on a few motorcycle boys — to keep the wind out, I'm told.

The conversation died then, and we stood around in what was for me an uncomfortable silence. I knew they were waiting for me to invite them in out of the cold but I had no desire to do so. Maybe it was the conversation I'd had with Julie that had put me on edge, made me wary of those guys, who, in all probability were just innocent busters. At last one of them spoke — it was lumber-jacket.

"Good day beer?"

I refused them and besides, I was probably imagining things, being a little paranoid.

"Sure, come on in."

I stood back and they filed past me, leaving the smell of stale beer hanging in the air.

"Sorry about the mess," I said, ushering the curtains and the rolls of insulation thrown about the floor, "we're renovating."

They said nothing and made for the table where they occupied the

were staring at Julie was really getting on my nerves. She had changed from the wimp into a jangly and jazzy, and it was obvious by the way her breasts moved beneath the material that she hadn't bothered to wear a bra.

Casually, I glanced at the rifle and was pleased to note that it was almost invisible in the shadow thrown by the raised facing of the fire place. Then I saw something that caused me to tense my jaw — the two bottles of champagne were sitting in full view on the mantelpiece above the fire, innocently reflecting the yellow light of the lanterns hanging from the ceiling.

Suddenly I was glad they were watching Julie, after all looks wouldn't hurt her, but there might well be trouble if they saw those bottles. The kettle boiled and Julie filled, then served the mugs. As she leaned across the table, one of the guys who had so far said nothing, a leon character with straggly blond hair escaping from beneath his hat, murmured something I didn't catch into Julie's ear. She flushed and shot a quick glance my before returning to the stove.

My anger started to rise, but I didn't know what he said or even if he had been offensive, so I bit my lip and silently urged them to drink up and get out. Julie came over, face shiny, carrying two steaming mugs for us. The mugs dragged as we all sipped the hot liquid in silence — there was definitely something in the air, I knew it wasn't imagination by then, so I unobtrusively positioned myself a pace away from the hidden rifle.

It was the short, stocky individual who spoilt the champagne. I saw his eyes narrow as he tried to read the labels from the table, so ready when he spoke,

"Thought you said you didn't have any bacon, pal," he sniped.

"That stuff is private. A gift — not for drinking."

Shorty put his cap down and slowly stood up. He walked past Julie and me and picked up a bottle.

"Come on it's for drinking," he said and waved it at the others who grinned. Encouraged, he started to pass the bottle from the neck.

I made my voice hard and flat, "Put that back."

He stopped and looked at me, eyes glowing. "You going to make me?"

He stood with very still, watching intently. The one in the dozen pealed ground his cigarette out on the table top and half rose, only to be waved down by lumber-jacket.

"I've already told you more than I ever told myself."

"No, I'm sorry."

"Any bacon at all?"

"Not a drop I'm afraid." That wasn't quite true, for we had a couple of bottles of champagne reserved from our wedding reception, but damned if I was going to give those to them.

"How about a cup of coffee then? It's bloody cold on the back of that thing," lumber-jacket said, indicating the utility.

What could I do? If there was going to be any trouble I'd get it if I

only four chairs we possessed. Julie filled the large, blackened kettle from the rainwater tap and set it on the wood stove which we kept burning all the time.

"You blokes from around here?" I asked.

Lumber-jacket seemed to be the only one who heard me — the others were watching my wife. "From the snake," he said, waving vaguely in the direction of Adelaida.

I was taking the situation less and less by the minute, the way they

I looked back at Shorty. "I told you to get that buck and I meant it." I was excited for action - ready to move.

Shorty stared meditatively into my eyes, held the bottle out at arm's length and let it fall on to the stone bench.

I looked first in the base-camp and as he went down I leaned to one side, picked up the rifle and swung it into position.

Everybody froze in various poses, except Shorty who was rolling around in some discomfort.

"Out," I said - nobody moved. I worked the slide on the rifle, the mechanism click-clap very loud in the silent room.

"Out," I repeated and raised the weapon to my shoulder.

Slowly they backed toward the door, Shorty lagging after them. I followed, keeping a hand on them until they got into their car.

"Against the wall," I whispered to Jake, who was white and shaking - I didn't want her in the way if the boys decided to mix it.

The starter whined and the motor fired with a roar - it seemed that they were going to leave without any trouble. The car moved off slowly with the lights still off, probably to present the hardest possible target in case I decided to shoot. They needn't have bothered - I didn't want any trouble.

The wind had died, as it often did after sunset and the low grumble of



ADAM DAW

"My advice to you is to leave the keys in the ignition and hope somebody steals it."

the engine was mercifully within a couple of minutes. I shut the door and Jake fell into my arms and burrowed her head against my chest. "That was awful," she said, close to tears.

"Oh, they had just had a bit much to drink, that's all - they wouldn't have tried to hurt us." I hoped I sounded more confident than I actually was. Those guys were capable of anything, as long as they had the upper hand, I knew that

because there'd been men like them in Town - men who, if they found themselves with some kind of power - be it the power of weapons or numbers they would use it as if they were God. It only needed one of the type in a group and it could affect the others - that's what happens at meetings.

Jake was holding me tight, clinging to the security I represented.

"Let's go and stay in town tonight, Jeff. Please. I don't want to stay here, not after that."

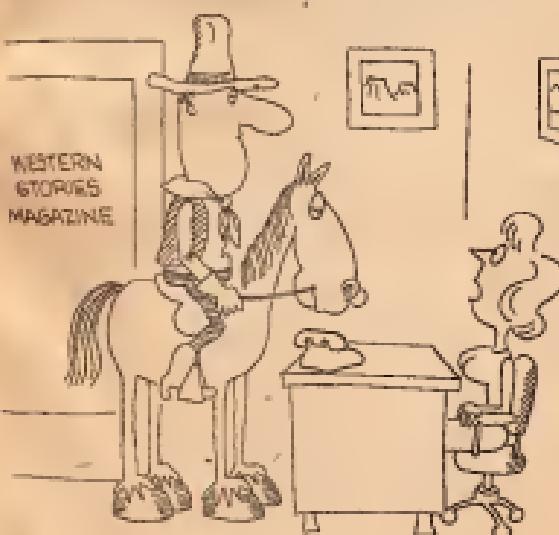
It wasn't a bad idea really, we had to go in to do some shopping the next day anyway, and those guys just might come back.

"Okay," I said, "get your things together."

"Thank you darling," she said, "I'll be all right tomorrow, I promise." She kissed me tightly on the mouth and ran into the bedroom. I squatted on the hearth and picked up the mess of broken glass, my mind racing over the behavior of our would-be assailants.

Within a few minutes Julie appeared in the bedroom doorway with a suitcase in one hand and as she opened her mouth to say something there was a tremendous explosion and a kitchen window burst inward, showing shards of glass in a sparkling cloud across the room. Shotgun. The thought registered itself as I flung myself at Julie's legs.

She looked stunned - shocked I brought her to the floor heavily as two other weapons blasted in quick succession but with no visible effect. One was the crack of a .22 and the other a heavier weapon, .303 or



"The editor is busy right now. Can't you sit down?"

7.62 mm - a familiar sound from the army.

"Keep down," I hissed at Julie. An old memory, fear, twisted its claws into my insides, but I wasn't worried. Fear is a thing you have to live with, even the fear of impetus, in combat and the feeling catapulted me back through the years and I was a soldier again.

The first thing was to close the kerosene lamp - without starting a fire, so I crawled, cracking through the film of glass to a broom standing near the stove. Then I crossed the head of the broom and inserted it through the wire handle of the nearest lantern, lifted it off the hook and lowered it. The 22 cut the front drilled two small holes in my newly plastered wall and was followed a second later by the detonation of the larger rifle which reduced a circle of plaster the size of my hand to powder that floated down and peppered Julie's hair.

It took me only a few seconds to get the other lamp down and out at the cost of another handful of plaster. Only the one in the bedroom to go. I moved into the room, giving Julie's shoulder a reassuring squeeze as I passed. The shotgun roared before the head of the broom could reach the lamp. Once again the air was full of flying glass and the broom handle was wrenched from my grasp.

I shook my head and glass fell from my hair with ainkle. It was dark. Shogren had hit the lantern as well.

The house was in darkness except for the faint glow of the hot coals in the fireplace and stove. I sat there on the floor for a minute studying the situation. There were at least two rifles on the kitchen side of the house and the shotgun on the bedroom side. That meant that they either only had three weapons between the four of them or one wasn't playing - at the moment, I must assume that there were four firearms out there, to do otherwise would be foolishly. So it was two on the front and two out the rear, and I had to get them before a merciful god Julie or me - or they attacked.

I didn't think they would attack, it was obvious they were amateurs. I knew that from looking at them, they looked like certain indescribable something that recently returned soldiers have and besides they hadn't shifted positions after their shots - the angle of fire showed that. Machine guns at night are often the only target available.

The first thing I had to do then, was to get Julie safe, and the best

place would be the cellar under the kitchen floor. She acted so oblivious when I lifted the trap door and helped her down, I thought that was very courageous of her as we hadn't cleaned the thing out yet and it was full of spider webs and God knows what.

"I'll give you a dare - dumbbells -

"PHANTOM STRIPPER" COLLARED BY COPS



Albany, NY's "Phantom Stripper", the buxom blonde who had stripped for construction workers during lunchtimes at the Albany Mall site, was finally arrested by alert cops as she finished her act in thunderous applause, cheers and whistles.

In court, the girl, who is from Utica, N.Y., was charged with indecent exposure and released on \$25 bail.

She immediately returned to the Mall area and stripped as her bright red bikini rippled again, the cops intervened. She told reporters that she would be every construction worker who enjoyed her act to contribute \$5 cents to charity.

dog down on the floor when it's safe to come out. Don't you move unless you hear that okay?"

She said it was and I shot her down there, covering the trap with the rag we used on while washing ourselves.

There hadn't been a shot since the bedroooms and I wondered if they were sneaking up to the windows or if they'd gone away. I gathered my

rifle and the spare ammunition, then got to my feet beside the kitchen door and reached across to the knob.

I decided to make my move from that side of the house because I had no desire to tangle with the shotgun unless it was absolutely unavoidable - the world's poorest shot becomes deadly with one of those things it has hands.

The door swung slightly inward after I twisted the knob. Both weapons barked from the yard and something inside the kitchen smashed as it was hit. Decking below the window sill I grabbed the yellow plastic washing bowl and hung it on the end of the broom handle. Then I lay on the floor and used an eye around the door frame until I had a fairly good view of the yard. I waved the bowl in the opening and all hell broke loose. The weapons poured fire through the doorway for a good half minute, sending the bowl spinning from the stick.

"Aagh!" I yelled. The big rifle was a .303 - I could tell that from its rate of fire - slower, as it was a bolt action.

There was a silence, during which I strained my ears for any movement that would indicate their changing of positions. Nothing. I grunted to myself - they were still where their muzzle flashes had told me they were.

"Rockin' we got him," one of them said and I was pleased to note his voice was shaky.

My rifle was aimed directly at the place the speaker had fired from - I didn't want to give myself away until I had a sure shot. He was about 20 metres away almost in front of the door, lying behind a rusting piece of water tank that I'd not got around to removing. There was a scraping sound - he was standing up. I saw him then - a darker blob than the rest of the blobs that dotted the yard.

I took a breath, relaxed half of it, held and squeezed the trigger. There was a burst followed by falling noise. By the time the noise had finished I was nearly to the old, concrete water trough that was a couple of metres away and to the right of the kitchen door,

"Snow?" He answer. "Snow - you all right?" Nothing.

There was about five metres of open ground between me and the surrounding scrub at my closest point - if I could get in there I'd really have the tables turned.

After a couple more calls to his name, the guy out in front of me started to move to investigate. Even

(Continued on page 24)





A World War II G.I.'s 30-Year Vengeance Hunt

THE NAZI TORTURER OF STALAG 12-- FOUND IN THE U.S.



ABOVE: photo of Eddie Metz (left) taken in Stalag 12 command. Lowry's belief that Metz was Fred Schenck—dead safety inspector...

by NEIL TURNBULL

LIKE many lonely single men who had recently moved into a new town, Al Lowry spent most of his evenings in a favorite restaurant.

Just before midnight on April 8, the tall, powerfully built steel worker emerged from the Blue Raven Inn. Usually he required a few beers for dinner, played cards or

shufflboard to kill time. However, on this particular evening, he'd had half a dozen shots of bourbon, trying to briefly blot out the problem that had tormented him for days.

The dimly lit street was empty except for a few parked cars. Feeding the effects of the whiskey, Lowry headed across toward his Chevy coupe. He didn't hear the approaching car—rushing with headlight off—until it was almost on him. He turned in alarm, saw the dark mass of the vehicle hurtling toward him with its engine roaring.

Despite his dulled reflexes, Lowry moved with Instinctive speed. He ran toward his car,

gave the other auto a shove to follow his course. The left front bumper was less than five feet away when Lowry leaped forward onto the Chevy's roof—desperately pawing for a handhold. The car skinned into the side of the Chevy with an impact that threw Lowry off the top to the sidewalk beyond. He landed on his back. His vision becoming a-splat, his in-the-air was torn-out of his lungs.

By the time Al Lowry got his first, the other car had backed off, zooming away at top speed. He stared after it in fear and rage, unsuccessfully trying to catch the loose



LOWRY'S buddy, Mark Jacobsen, was totally injured in icy accident (above) when he lost control of car held borrowed from Lowry, his closest friend (topping until the next "accident") ...

Working in the same plant with Lowry was the kraut butcher who'd tortured and murdered his friends in a POW camp. And now it was time for retribution . . .



"I don't mind if you steal a kiss, Arnie. But as long as you're going to steal, why don't you steal something worthwhile?"

number. The car, tyres squeaking, whipped around a corner and vanished from view.

The shaken Lowry turned toward his Chevy, saw that the side had been bodily doctored. Tearing over borborything in his throat, he tried to regain control of his body, quivering with a mixture of relief and blinding anger. It was Doctor Meier, he thought. The Kraut bashed cried to murder me! And there isn't a thing I can do about it. Nobody else even seems to give a damn.

The bizarre confrontation between Al Lowry and former POW camp guard Doctor Meier had its roots in the notorious Stalag Luft XII, north of the German city of Spangdahlem. A native of Wheeling, West Virginia, Lowry enlisted in the Army Air Corps the day after his 18th birthday and was sent overseas to a B-17 gunner early in 1944. On his eighth bombing mission, young Lowry's Flying Fortress, hit by anti-aircraft fire, crashed in flames.

Lowry and three other crew members parachuted to safety, were captured by German troops within minutes. His fellow airmen — all officers — were sent to a camp in the north, Lowry, to Stalag XII, an enlisted men's prison. The "introductory" speech to new prisoners was given by SS Sergeant Doctor Meier, the chief guard. A short but muscular man, only a few years older than Lowry, Meier had a cruel, unsmiling face.

"Three months ago, there was an

attempted mass escape here," Meier told Lowry and the other newcomers. "I was brought in from Auschwitz to replace the former captain of guards, who is now on the Russian front. He was too soft, treated you guys as if you were soldiers. I do not consider you

soldiers — just prisoners, with no more rights than the Jewish fifth I guarded before. Any infraction of the rules will result in severe punishment. If I had my way, you would all have been shot as soon as your feet touched German soil. At Stalag XII, it will merely take a little longer."

As guards with machine guns marched the POWs to their barracks, Lowry struck up a whispered conversation with a wary, mirthless-looking man named Lester Philipp. "What the hell is Auschwitz?" he asked.

"Search me," Corporal Philipp replied. At that stage of the war, few people outside Germany knew about Hitler's extermination camps. "But there's one thing I do know. That sergeant's mean."

The months that followed confirmed Philipp's statement. Doctor Meier ran the camp with methods more brutal than in any other Nazi military prison. Although against Geneva Convention rules, POWs were whipped for minor rule infractions, locked up in underground concrete "pig cages" for weeks of solitary confinement. More than two dozen GIs were shot in the back by Meier's troops during "attempted escape" intentionally set up by the chief guard.

"God, we have to break loose," Lester Philipp, who had become Lowry's best friend, said again and



"No, Piss 'Wheel' THIS is 'Wheeeep'!"

again. "Metz ain't going to let any of us out of here alive! He's crazy!"

In October, Lowry, Phipps and the other men in their barracks completed a tunnel under the barbed wire. On the night of October 14, the prisoners made their move, digging one by one into the narrow shaft. Lowry and Phipps were the last two to go. Phipps had just lowered himself through the loosened floorboards when they heard the wail of sirens, the distant chatter of machine guns.

"They've spotted the guys!" Lowry groaned.

Seconds later, the barracks door was flung open and a squad of guards entered, leveling automatic weapons.

Only Lowry and Phipps escaped capture in the break — and soon almost wished they hadn't. While Sergeant Metz looked on with sadistic amusement, the young men were pitched into the underground punishment cell. Lowry was to remain there for two months, surrounded by constant darkness, choking in the smell of his own excrement, tossed handfuls of potato peels and rotting turnips twice a day.

But even in his pen, the vision of Dieter Metz's face dominated his thoughts. I'll kill him, he thought again and again, using hatred to keep himself. Someday I'll kill him.

At last, after eight weeks, the steel overlaid doors of the pen were flung open. Hands pulled Lowry to the surface. It took several minutes for his eyes to grow accustomed to the light. Through the searing blur of his vision, he saw with astonishment that the men around him wore US military fatigues and GI steel helmets. The stink had been liberated.

"My God...," Lowry gasped weakly. "Is Phipps... in the next pen...?"

"We got him out already," a staff sergeant said, studying Lowry with his mtn. "Poor guy's been dead at least a week."

Later, after wolfing down a meal of C-rations, and changing into clean clothes, Lowry learned that the guard force had abandoned the camp hours before the US Army arrived, taking the other POWs with them. "You were lucky, soldier," the staff sergeant said. "I guess the Krauts just forgot that you and your pal were buried there. Must have been in one hell of a hurry to clear out."

All Lowry spent the rest of the war in various hospitals, his emaciated body slowly regaining strength. Strangely, even though he

was now safe, the face of Dieter Metz — the murderer of his best friend — still haunted his mind. It was a face he would never forget.

In the years that followed, of course, the horrors of Stalingrad faded from his thoughts. Lowry received his discharge, went back to Wheeling, found work in a steel mill, slipped into the routine of an average working man. He married, had two sons, watched them grow into manhood. Both boys were in the service when Lowry's wife died of a heart attack. Shortly afterward, the mill where he had worked for 25

years in his lungs when he made out the repulsively familiar formlets. The once-bald head — still close-cropped — had receded and turned gray. The gaunt face had grown slightly jowly. The hulking body had put on 20 extra pounds. But in every other respect, the man was either Metz or his exact double, even down to a tiny, jagged tear in the left corner of his mouth.

"Jesus, what's the matter, Al?" a co-worker asked. "You've gone dead weight."

"That man who just went by," Lowry replied in a half-strengthed



"I want him arrested for rape! He didn't pay me."

years closed down. Through a friend, he found another job in a small Midwestern city. With nothing to hold him in Wheeling, he sold his home and moved to the distant town ...

Lowry had been at his new job, working a sheet metal forge, more than a month before he saw Dieter Metz. He was taking a brief break from his labors when three men in white shirts walked past. The figure in the lead, carrying a clipboard and taking pencilled notes, passed within two feet of Lowry.

The ex-GI's breath seemed to

stop. "The one with the clipboard. You know him?"

"Sure. Fred Schmidt, the head of the safety inspection team. Comes through every couple of weeks. Real nice guy. Plays Santa Claus every year at the Christmas party the union gives for the kids."

"Is he German? Not background, I mean. An immigrant from Germany?"

"Hell, I don't know. Got a little bit of a Kraut accent but so does Lawrence Welk and he was born in South Dakota. I used that in TV Guide..."

(Continued on page 33)





Studio
Sonne



MOANA

FICTION/J. Edward Brown

Devilled kidneys? A choice piece of rump? Or perhaps a grilled thumb. And don't forget to pass the sauce.

I'VE PICKED up a lot of women in my short time at sea. But within 24 hours I wondered about this one. Had I picked Moana up, or had she picked me up? What had she been doing in a tourist town like Lynton? It was a grimy, cold town, high hills surrounding it, the sun rose about 9 am and set at 3 pm.

I'd gone into the first pub up off the wharf, which is about as far as the normal seafarer ever gets. I went into the cocktail lounge. It had formica tables, plastic-cornered chrome-plated chairs, a striped carpet. And there Moana sat sitting on a stool. She stood out like a leading light to a faraway. I pointed my helm and came up alongside her.

"Buy you a drink?"

"All right," she said. Seated,

And I wondered if I had made a mistake. In New Zealand there are few professional pros, there are too many enthusiastic amateurs, though maybe some are more enthusiastic than others.

But she wasn't the type of gal I'd thought she was. Then I thought maybe she was droning. What the hell. I bought her a gin and I had a beer.

We talked. She was a model, so she said, and beautiful.

Then we had a meal in a cafe, much like the pub, phones and formica, steak and eggs. She ate as much as I did, and I can put it away. It was cheap. Not that that worried me. I had money burning a hole in my pocket. On a container ship we have very little time in port. Twenty-four hours was usual, though this time we were lucky, it was 48 hours. And then the long run to the States.

She had a car, one of those dinky English small sedans. She drove well. There was no frumpy business, not right then anyway. She said they had a law in New Zealand that car radios had to use their seat belts, so I was strapped in my seat and she in hers. Makes it difficult.

We went through the long tunnel to the city. Under the orange sodium lights her skin was purple. She didn't look at me. And I guess it was then I first felt vaguely uneasy. She was remote, detached, as if she was doing a job.

That was Saturday night. And it was very pleasant.

Sunday afternoon we went to the museum. She was the thoughtful, intellectual type, isn't? No bloody duur. But I went along. I got quite a kick out of her. She talked to me as an equal, not an ignorant uncouth seaman. Which was a charge.

We stood at the crowded heads of Models in a glass case. They were tattooed, teeth bared. Once they had been humans.

A museum attendant came over. "Aren't they something?" he said.

"Yes," I said non-committally. I looked at Moana. Perhaps those heads had been her ancestors. I felt a little uncomfortable. I wouldn't have liked my ancestors' heads to be on exhibition for bored Sunday visitors to stare at.

She looked distastefully at the attendant. He was an old man in a blue uniform with silver buttons on it.

"What happened to the rest of them bodies?" I asked.

"They would have been eaten," the attendant said capably.

Moana shuddered and I felt her hand tighten in mine.

"This is the best display of smoked Maori heads in the country," he said proudly.

"Let's get out of here," Moana said. We moved away from him. "I'd like to eat him," she said fiercely.

"You wouldn't — would you?"

"I would."

I suddenly felt a little nervous. "You people were cannibals."

"A long time ago."

Sunday night we went to this apartment on the top floor of a 10-story block. There were a dozen people there, half of them women, all of them lookers, but none of them a patch on Moana.

The owner of this place was Choyce Auton Prewitt Jr. With a name like that I took an immediate dislike to him. He was as archetypal

The place was full of fancy bits and pieces, all modernistic furniture. Different to the crews' quarters of my ship.

He was very elegant. Probably a queer. I cleaned him up in one glance — I'd been at sea long enough.

I saw him dismiss me with his eyes, contemptuously. But he was all over Moana. He took her coat.

There was soft music from concealed speakers in the lounge, the air-conditioning hummed.

"Take your coat off, Harvey," Choyce said casually.

I was only wearing a shirt under the jacket. It was a little tight for me. "Such muscle," Choyce said.

I lowered above him. "You've got a strong man here, Moana." And he laughed. "What do you do on your ship?"

"I'm the butcher, amongst other things." I rolled up my sleeves. My tattoos showed.

"They'd look nice framed," Choyce said softly.

I just grinned. "They're there until I die, nobody can take off tattoos this big."

"True," he said smugly. Choyce gave me a drink, a fancy thing with an olive in it and a cherry. I drank it off in one gulp. It was like drinking Jolly water. He was drinking wine. I don't go for that stuff. "Give me a beer," I said. "And I'll have a gin later."

"A man's drink," he said. "Yeah," I drawled. I suddenly wanted to get drunk.

I was the toughest male there, out of water as you might say, not a bad simile for a seaman.

But Moana wasn't very happy. She was drinking Prewitt Special, which was a concoction of Calvados, an Italian liqueur, and rum and fruit juice.

"Another Prewitt Special."

I took the glass out of her hand. "Don't you think you've had enough?"

"Don't you tell me what to do," she snapped.

I shrugged. It was no skin off my nose. Maybe I wouldn't see her again.

I had a beer with a girl in it.

"I'm hungry," Choyce Auton

(Continued on page 33)



THE EQUALISER

FACT/David Edwards

He was only a little guy. But a tough little guy. And a .32 mm Smith & Wesson made him more than equal.

THE PERFECT MURDER was committed in the Port of Newcastle, New South Wales, in the year 1950. The body of the murdered man was never found, and had not the murderer himself confessed, it is doubtful whether the crime would ever have been solved. An unpredictable twist of fate, which was crucial in its outcome, was the cause of the man confessing.

And yet many things were left unexplained. All the self-confessed killer would admit, was that one night, in the winter of 1950, at Carrington, he had shot the missing man. The shooting had occurred in the railway yards on the Carrington waterfront. He had left the body hidden in a coal wagon. Even at the trial, he was adamant that he did not know where the body was finally taken. His face had worn an enigmatic smile at the looks of doubt and confusion on the faces of the court assembly, but his voice had held the undoubting ring of truth.

"I went 20 dollars in the gain - 20 dollars to see him go - I want 10 dollars in the gain, okay, the cosine is set - get set on the side - over here, man, this bloke wants to back a bad - right, all set on the side - come to square!"

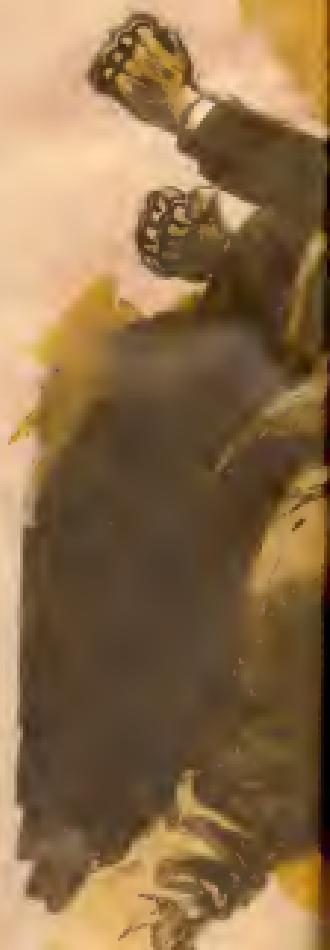
The voice of Benny Lawson doctored on in an endless monotone, as he skilfully manoeuvred around the betting ring, assessing and directing the placing of bets, and controlling the two-up school, with the experience and cold nerve of the professional gambler. He was a small, dark, potbellied man, with a square determined face. The school was in a

remote area of the Carrington railway yards, on the banks of the Hunter River, in the Port of Newcastle. "Cockatoos" posted in empty coal wagons gave early warning of any approaching danger from the men of the law.

It was a good school, honest and well run. Benny took 10 percent of all winnings, which raised him an income of an average \$600 a week. After paying the cockatoos and the station, his personal take was roughly \$300 a week, and sometimes much more.

The clientele comprised coal miners, steel workers, merchant seamen, and wharf labourers. Adjacent was the Carrington pub known as The Seven Seas and The Glasgow Arms. It was a tough area, frequented by tough men, but Benny Lawson, despite his small frame, had plenty of nerve and did not scare easily. He was well known in the area, and had a good name around the waterfront. It was common knowledge that a gentle man, down on his luck, could always get a few dollars from Benny. For a year his business prospered and his takings increased. It was then "Big Benny" Blanchfield decided to move on.

"Benny" Blanchfield was the exception to the rule, in that he was a bully, a sadist, but not a coward, when it came to physical violence. He would take on all comers, big or small, and was just as notorious in his dealings with both. The first night he visited the school Benny created trouble, especially as Blanchfield had no bets, but took an avid interest in the percentage take. The second week he turned up with three of his strong-arm mobsters. It was during the afternoon break, when the school closed for two hours before the evening games. He walked over to Benny. The three hoods trailed behind.



"You run a good game, Benny, it's worth looking after. It would be a chance if someone tried to ranch or run a game in opposition. Now I am going to make you an offer you would be foolish not to accept! I guarantee you complete protection from outside interference, for 50 percent of the takanga, starting from tonight."

It was cold-blooded extortion and Benny knew it. He kept his eyes and his voice steady, looked directly at Blanchfield, and replied:

"I am not expecting any outside interference or opposition, and I don't need any protection, so you

and your boys can take a walk."

The last of the players were just leaving. The "bouncer" had gone, and Benny locked the hotel case which held the takanga. Blanchfield had no idea how much money was in the case, but he decided to give Benny his first lesson in discretion, plus an object lesson in just how urgently he WAS in need of protection.

The three gunmen came knew the procedure well. As Blanchfield nodded they moved quickly. Benny was helpless. Two of the goons grabbed an arm each, twisting and bending them up his back in a "bone

breaking" twin hammerlock. Benny screamed in pain, dropped the brief case, and mouthed obscenities at his captors. Blanchfield picked up the brief case and nodded to the third hoodlum, his voice harsh and venomous:

"Work the little bastard over, but not so bad as to leave him incapable of running the game. Give it to him in the belly and around the kidneys. The nerve of that roust telling me to take a walk!"

The three enforcement men spoke briefly, and now Benny's arms and shoulders were numb and useless. They continued to hold him tight.



The third man moved in. Two violent blows in the stomach, and a knee in the groin, rendered him unconscious. They let him fall to the ground, whilst with lightning speed, their boots thudded into his kidneys and ribs.

When Benny regained consciousness he crawled the first 100 yards, then staggered to the Seven Seas Hotel.

Some of his friends called an ambulance, which took him to the nearby ward of the Newcastle General Hospital. He was treated and

his index finger, he spoke, "I have heard this name mentioned by some of the boys at the Broadmeadow Returns Service League. The word is that Lawson runs a two-up school and is mixed up in 'gunking' generally. No doubt he runs into some pretty tough characters."

The doctor spoke with a grim note of warning. "Another beating like that one and the entry in the hospital admission register, could read, D.O.A."

With a sigh of resignation on the hopelessness of human nature and

were going to muscle in. Benny continued to run the school, and save enough the gorillas paid him another visit.

They had their instructions and Blanchfield was not with them. The biggest of the three hoodlums addressed Benny:

"No doubt you have now won the fight, Benny. We are here to pick up our 50 percent of the take."

The shabbish, determined streak in the little man's nature asserted itself. He spoke quietly and with resolution. "You get to hell and leave me alone, and you can tell that big bludger Blanchfield, he won't get a cent of my money."

This time the strong arms did a thorough job, and Benny went to hospital for six weeks. He had lost the sight of one eye, his nose was sprawled across his face, and he was wringing blood from his ruptured kidneys. He spent another three weeks at home convalescing. He then decided to re-open the game.

He went around to the Glasgow Arms Hotel and let it be known the school would re-open that same night. He also passed the word around that he was interested in buying a gun, and would pay handsomely for a good weapon. Being well known and trusted by the rough waterfront element, he was introduced to an American assassin, who sold him a Smith and Wesson 32 mm revolver, with 30 rounds of ammunition, for \$150. The price did not worry Benny. The hot magazine held 12 bullets, and already Benny began to picture them crackling into the huge frame of Blanchfield. He was not indulging in wishful thinking or fantasy. He had already planned how to dispose of the body.

The Carrington colliery yards are vast and desolate. The site around the coal loading terminal was the marshalling yard for hundreds of laden coal wagons, known as coal hoppers. Each wagon carried 20 tonnes of coal.

When loading ships, the wagons were lifted bodily off their undercarriages by huge electric cranes, and hoisted over the ship's hatches. The floors of the wagons were hinged, and opened like trapdoors when a release lever on the side of the wagon was tripped. Wide planks criss-crossed the open hatch, to enable the crane driver to see the load was evenly distributed.

It was dirty, dusty, filthy work, as with each drop, 20 tonnes of coal went crashing onto the bottom of the ship's hold. The noise was deafening, with the loading and the clatter and



"I know it's your step for our wedding, but I thought we could use the money."

allowed to leave. The attending doctor shook his head in wonder, and spoke in tones of incredulous admiration:

"His physique is unbelievable. A beating like that would have hospitalized most men. A big heart beats within that small chest."

One of the outshines had been looking at the name entered in the hospital register: Benjamin Lawson, 14 Nathan Road, Carrington. As he traced the entry along the line with

beverage, he spoke in a tired voice. "Okay, bring in the next steadily."

It went on day and night, victims of car accidents, beatings, raped and cubaged females, drunks and drug addicts; he saw them all, and wondered why?"

A few days later Benny was running the game at Carrington. A lot of the players had been scared off when the word was passed around that Big Blanchfield and his mob

tanging of shunting wagons. Benny set up his new name close to the coal loading terminal. Around midnight, just after the game had closed down, Blanchfield turned up alone. He smiled as he saw Benny with the big oil ready to leave. Benny looked sick. He stopped and walked with a limp. As Blanchfield spoke he appeared to flinch.

"A good take tonight, Benny?" The bag was bulging. "I'll just take my 20 percent and then you can go home and enjoy a good sleep. You took all in, you should be more careful, and look after yourself."

Benny's eyes were watery. He looked at Blanchfield and then began to open the bag. His voice held a pleading tone.

"Okay, Rhey, there's no need for any more rough stuff. I have had enough and I can't take any more. You can have what you've been asking for, as from tonight."

Blanchfield came closer to check the contents of the bag. Benny's hand disappeared amongst the paper money, and came up with the Smith and Wesson. At point blank range he squeezed the trigger. With a look of incredulous amazement on his face, Blanchfield began to buck and stagger with the impact of each bullet.

He stopped around in a welter of blood, as each shot ploughed into him. He took the full clip, 12 shots, and died still with the look of utter disbelief on his face. Benny worked swiftly.

A Japanese freighter was lying alongside the terminal with hatch



"And where little sinness are you?"

covers off, ready to receive a full cargo. Petty wagons were lined up for the first loading. Working frantically he climbed aboard the nearest wagon, and with fervent energy scooped out a hollow in the coal to a depth of about one metre. With

strength born of desperation, he hoisted the body of Blanchfield aboard the loaded wagon, and into the hollow. He covered the body with coal, climbed down, and walked 50 metres from the wagon line.

He sat down, and watched, and waited. One by one the wagons edged forward. With regular monotony they deposited their contents onto the ship's hatchet, were returned to their undercarriages, and moved on. It was around 2 am. The coal dust hung in clouds about the ship.

A heavy fog came creeping down from the Hunter River Valley, enveloping the waterfront in a ghostly mantle, cold and depressing. Benny watched as the empty wagon was hoisted over No. 2 hatch. The driver pulled the lever, and the body of Rhey Blanchfield was buried under 20 tonnes of coal, on the bottom of the hatch. Within minutes, another 60 tonnes had piled the body beyond recognition.

The ship took three months to reach Yawata in the south island of Japan. Usually the voyage was completed in three weeks, but a bad fracture developed in the ship's propeller shaft, causing her to lay up in Manila. On reaching Japan, the

(Continued on page 20)



"I take it your answer is 'No'?"

FIGE FLYER





The CHEESEBOX that



Above: Part of the crew of USS Monitor rests on the upper deck not long after the successful bouting of the confederate Merrimack (Virginia).



Designed and built in 101 days, an ugly armored monster started the American Confederacy on the road to defeat — and fired a generation of "modern" warships.

FACT/Graeme Andrews



Left: Mighty little Monitor — the first armored ship to see action in Civil War. Confederate Merrimac was a converted tug but 3000 ton ships 10 times her size.



Left: Monitor-type ships were Confederate ironclads. New Ironclad Monitor won and city of Charleston fell.

Right: Up-river armored monitor — the Union Lafayette had garrisoned paddlewheelers and Army transports. She fought wild troops as they tried to travel on big river.

SHOOK THE WORLD

BLINDED IN BOTH EYES, blood streaming down his face, the commanding officer of the fighting shipbox on a shingle, USS Monitor, fell by way around history fighting room.

Fainting, he gasped, "Have I saved the Minnesota?" Told the crippled Minnesota was safe and that his adversary was damaged, Captain Worden lapsed into a coma as his second in command took over.

Captain Worden's incredible ship was the USS Monitor, the first effective armored fighting ship in the world and the ship that changed the progress of the US Civil War and of naval warfare for a century.

The US Civil War of 1861-65 tore the country apart, but it produced a nation united in most respects and able to get on with unified development. But it was a traumatic experience for naval men too. Where there had been just one force there were now two and it was a matter of a man's conscience on which side he fought. If he chose the South he used, in many cases, to retain or take over some of the equipment he had been using, knowing he was going to need it.

Was it the duty of a navy man to go with his State or stay with the nation? The US Navy was demoralized long before the fighting began.

Habited men deserted and headed south, commanders handed over the ships and walked off, bases were sabotaged and the US Navy was in disarray, but things were worse in the South.

While the US Navy was virtually immobile, the navy of the South didn't exist and had to be built from

scratch with little industrial back-up to help. The result was an amateur collection of unprepared craft that struck terror into the hearts of the North and which almost, but not quite, won the war for the South.

The two presidents were Abraham Lincoln for the north and Jefferson Davis for the South. The two main naval commanders were Franklin Buchanan of the Confederate State Navy and David Glasgow Farragut of the USA. As well as being the main naval commanders, they were destined to meet in naval combat.

The election of Lincoln in 1860 caused South Carolina to secede from the Union. That State was soon followed by six other States. In February, 1861 those seven States formed the Confederate States of America, and war was imminent.

Southern troops tried to blockade service installations within the break-

away States, and in some cases their defenders refused and fought back in Charleston. At Fort Sumter, Union soldiers held on for more than three months with only 87 men against everything the South could do. Finally they were overwhelmed and those in the North realized it was to be a real war.

Both sides started arming at random.

The Southerners realized the importance of seapower before the North did, knowing that they had too few ships, too few factories and a need to both import and export to sustain the war that was coming.

The North planned to blockade the South to avoid it. The North developed the Anaconda Plan, which would strangle the South, while the South ordered fast blockade runners from wherever she could buy them.

As war began the Union Navy had 42 ships, of which 17 were modern. To man that hedge-hedge there were 8000 men. The Confederate navy

(Continued on page 42)

Close-up of Confederate armored iron Arkansas Delta like this were armed with railway boiler welded monitor



HELLBOUND EXPRESS

You want a nuclear reactor... An airstrip for drugrunners, guns, ammunition? Check it with Interglobal. A very smooth outfit. FICTION/Mike Radar

THE TRAIN was approaching Khartoum. Marnick glanced through the dust-coated window as he got to his feet and slung down his bag from the rack. The final leg of the journey, from Wadi-Halfa to Khartoum, had

been a seemingly endless crawl across the edge of the desert. Dry patches of scrub, isolated settlements and the blaring sun had interspersed the monotony.

The late afternoon shadows cast themselves across the crowded platform. A set of faces watched as the train came to a standstill. The din of voices rose up around him as he stepped from the stifling carriage.

A week before, Marnick had been in Cairo. He had read the

advertisement seeking applicants to supervise the construction of a railroad. Something about the deal had stirred him. Maybe it had been the money - \$5000 a month. Or maybe it had been the challenge. Marnick was an engineer. He built bridges, railroads, dams. He built anything, anywhere. For money, for excitement. It had always been that way since he had left Sydney.

"Mr. Marnick?"

The short, stocky man in the



crempled suit blocked his path. Black curly hair was surrounded by a fox. A bushy mustache traced the pursed upper lip.

"Yes," Merrick studied the expressionless eyes. "Are you from Interglob?"

The man bowed slightly. "I am Alfred Hamel. Would you follow me, please? I have a car waiting."

Hamel led him through the jostling crowd to the sixteen-car lot. Outside, a black Mercedes was parked in the shade. Hamel instructed the driver to place Merrick's bag in the boot.

"Please get in, Mr. Merrick." Hamel held open a door. "I will take you to the office."

Merrick heard the door shut behind him. Hamel joined the driver in the front seat. The bag on swing away from the kurb and nosed through the dusty streets.

This was Merrick's second contact with his new employer, the Interglobal Corporation. The first contact had been the cable which he had received two days ago. A cable

which had simply confirmed his appointment and advised him that his seat on the Khartoum train had been reserved. A cable which had been signed "Great".

Within minutes the Mercedes drew in to the side of the road outside a modern, two-storey office building.

Hamel ushered him into the tiny foyer. On one wall was a map of the world with red flags pinned to various sites. Above the map was a corporate symbol, the earth cracked by the words "Interglobal Corporation". Hamel knocked on a highly polished wooden door. Their eyes met.

"Mr. Great's office?" Merrick asked him.

Hamel's lips smiled as he turned the handle and waved for Merrick to enter.

The room was cavernous. Merrick's first impression was that of a vast Persian carpet stretching across to a huge carved desk and heavy leather chairs. Expensive tapestries hung from the white walls. Air-conditioning purred softly.

"Hello, Mr. Merrick. You Great." The chair behind the desk swivelled around. Peering from a confident smile on her lips, was "Suzanne Great. How was your trip from Cairo?"

Her blonde hair framed her tanned, youthful face and long neck. Her blue eyes squinted amusement. Her dark khaki uniform could not disguise her figure. The whip of scarf at her throat was sporty.

"My trip from Cairo!" Merrick echoed. His eyes narrowed. "It was... alright."

She waved him to a chair, then glanced down at the file which she had been studying. Her voice was businesslike, her accent English.

"I've just been reading your application again. Your experience interests me." Her eyes flashed as she looked across the desk. "Two years in South America... two years in Canada... tell me - why were you in Cairo?"

"I'd just finished a project in Saudi Arabia. I was taking a break."

"You said in your letter you're an





Hippodry.



"Don't be silly, Miss Goodbody. Who would want to steal your clothes?"

Australia. Your age is 34. You must be married . . ."

"No."

"You just . . . travel around?"

"Yes . . ."

Suzanne closed the file. "Let me tell you about your new job, Mr. Marrak. We're building a railroad, in the mountains to the south of the Sodim. The construction was well underway until our engineer resigned. That's why we need you." She lit a cigarette. "We have about 500 laborers, all natives. The track has been completed - 2 ft gauge. We have one locomotive - a Class NG15 2-8-2. Here," she handed a roll of plans to Marrak, "study them. All the tunnels are finished. At present we are delayed by the first stage - the construction of a bridge across a ravine. The bridge is the fixed link between the two sections of the railroad." She stretched back in the chair. "Well, do you have any questions now?"

Marrak raised an eyebrow. "One or two. I've never heard of Intergholoh."

Harold stepped forward. "The head office is in Zurich. We have many projects across the world Europe . . . Asia . . . Africa . . ."

Suzanne opened a desk drawer and handed Marrak an envelope. "By the way, Mr. Marrak, this is yours. One month's salary. In

shorts per signature. "We have cabin booked on the river steamer. It will be one hour. We'll go by boat up the White Nile to Juba. There we'll transfer to the company helicopter for the flight up to the mountains."

Marrak also rose. "One more question, Miss Grant." Her eyes masked any expression. "I gather you're in charge of the project?"

"No . . ." She laughed softly. "You are! From now on I'm just your personal assistant."

* * *

Marrak leaned against the rail, hearing the steady chug of the engine two decks beneath his feet. It was a moonlit night. The river was a broad ribbon of silver. Over on the bank Marrak could tell they were entering the savannah country.

"Miss Grant would like to see you in her cabin."

Marrak spun around. The Egyptian had approached soundlessly. Harald's eyes were glowing pinpoint of light.

Marrak hesitated before nodding. He walked along the deck, aware that Harald was watching from the rail.

He closed his cabin door behind him. "Harald and you . . ."

"Have a drink?" She splashed whisky into a glass.

His gaze drifted from her speculative eyes to where her tattooed torso revealed tanned skin and the promise of thrashing breasts.

"Okay . . ." He sat down and accepted the glass.

Her body was warm against his when she joined him. "I wanted to talk to you," she began.



"Congratulations! You have just been rated Mr. Turn of the Street."

He met her eyes directly. "Same here I wanted to get some answers. You haven't told me yet why you're building this railroad. Or for whom."

Her eyes darkened. "Is it important?"

"And there's another thing I did what you said, looked at the plans. Your maps weren't very helpful. They didn't tell me where the railroad's going...."

"You surprise me...." Her lips formed a smile.

"And then of course there's you. Where do you fit in?"

"I told you I'm your personal assistant." She reached across him for a cigarette. "I'm also the secretary to the president of Interglobal."

Merrick sat down his glass and got to his feet. He turned to the door but she lunged up, barring his way.

"Where are you going?" Her eyes flashed angrily.

When their bodies met, her's was trembling and tense.

"Merrick, it's a long way to John," she breathed.

"You're right," Merrick snarled, seeing her startled expression as he pushed her clear. "That's why I want to get some sleep."

He closed the cabin door firmly behind him.

* * *

The chopper hovered above the yawning gorge. Merrick could see the two sections of the railroad leading up to either side of the deep, dark chasm. As far as the eye could see the mountains rose and fell, the history ravines acting as a 100-mile long natural border between the two ranges. As the chopper descended to the base camp on the near side of the ravine, Merrick could see the gleaming tracks winding their way along the ridges to ultimately disappear beneath the canopy of rag forest.

He glanced at the other occupant of the chopper. The taciturn pilot, an Italian, Merrick guessed, flew the machine effortlessly. Handled, nursing a bulging briefcase, was slumping down at the camp, surveying the heavy equipment. Susanna Great, silent and withdrawn, fingered the button of her satin pocket.

On the ground a native laborer led them across to a large tent. Inside was a desk covered with plans. Behind it, a sophisticated radio transmitter had been set up. Susanna drew herself into one of the ornate chairs and lit a cigarette.

"Get Mr. Merrick organized to start work at once," she instructed Harald. "I want to fly out in half an

hour. I can't stand this place." She flashed an angry glance at Merrick. "It's uncivilized."

"But Mr. Vank said you were to —" Harald began.

She silenced his protest with a wave of her hand. "Mr. Vank and I will be back in a month. I'm sure the bridge will be finished then."

Harald shrugged and led Merrick across the camp to another tent. It was smaller, containing a stretcher bed, a canvas chair and a battered desk.

"This is yours." Harald's eyes were wary. They narrowed as a tall, stooped figure entered the tent. "And this is Gafar. He is your foreman."



The man called Gafar waited until Harald had gone. He studied Merrick closely. His silver hair was braided back from a high forehead. A wary fear haunted his eyes. He was about to speak. He hesitated and then, in silence, handed a roll of glass to Merrick. From somewhere beyond the tent the angry whine of the chopper reached them.

Merrick leaned back against the rock and drew on his cigarette. The evening shadows were deepening, beginning to engulf the skeletal framework of the trestle bridge which rose gauntly from the gaping ravine. He surveyed the results of the past 25 days. In the fading light the bridge resembled a toy, a frail framework of matchsticks. It belied the

framed days of construction, the giant cranes swinging mighty lengths of lumber to where 500 men poised the rugged cliffs, pushing the bridge higher and higher.

At his elbow, Gafar appeared to silently share his thoughts. Their eyes met.

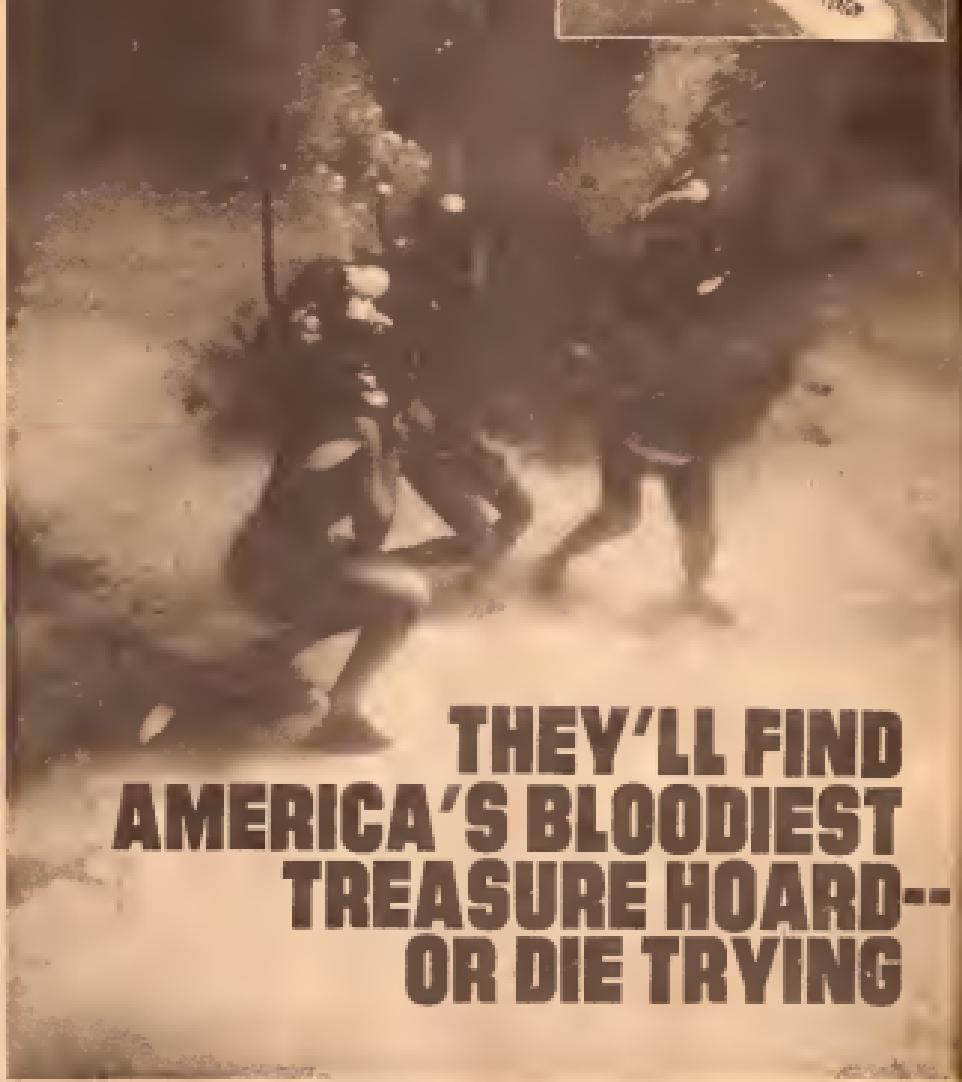
"Another 10 days," Merrick estimated.

His foreman nodded.

Merrick drafted the glowing tip of his cigarette. In all the time he had been at the site that was the first opportunity he had had to be alone with the other man. Harald was obviously occupied elsewhere. Choosing his words carefully, Merrick turned and smiled.

(Continued on page 68)

Men driven by "gold fever" have defied hardship, crippling injuries and murderous claim jumpers in their attempts to reach Oak Island's \$30 million cache . . .

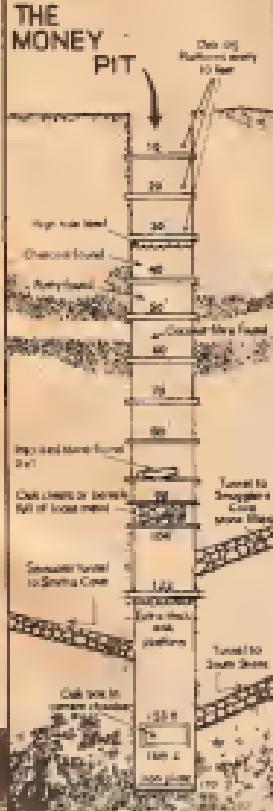


**THEY'LL FIND
AMERICA'S BLOODIEST
TREASURE HOARD--
OR DIE TRYING**

MAGRAM of a
secret society
which failed to
reach the trans-
cendent—gives a
series of "Masonry
-y" and ingenuity
of gestures who
desired the se-
cret—secure indi-
cation.

THE
MONEY

Pitt



By J.P. O'HARE

FINBAR O'Reilly wanted the gold badly. So did the other two men who had been digging with him for more than seven hours in the dimly lit shaft 30 feet underground. What had once been a dream had now become an obsession.

The three men worked silently, sweating profusely as they chipped and cleaved at the wall of dirt in front of them. Any minute now they would break through into a shaft that ran directly down from the surface for over 150 feet. At the bottom of the shaft would be their dream, their obsession—\$10 million in gold—they hoped.

Hope springs eternal and so they continued to dig, with one man shoveling the loose dirt into a large box that was raised periodically to the surface with the aid of a block-and-tackle by another man above who dumped the dirt. He also ran a gas-powered pump that pumped out the water that constantly seeped into the shaft.

But for all the hard work the four men put forth, they could not seem to reach the elusive shaft they knew was in front of them. Perhaps tomorrow, Fieber thought, knowing it would soon be dark.

"Let's call it a day," he said softly to the two men beside him. The tall, muscular Irishman tried hard not to let them know his discouragement. "We're close. Let's get a good night's sleep and finish up tomorrow. Nothing's gonna go down as long as now."

Flinbar Of Huelva was wrong. As it turned out, dead wrong.

During the night a band of modern-day claim jumpers slipped into their camp and attacked the treasure hunters with rifles. The four men, also armed, fought back bravely. But when it was over, two of the raiders and Finbar O'Reilly were dead. The remaining bandits fled, but for the rest of the treasure seekers their dream of gold had become a nightmare they no longer wanted any part of. And so they went home, treasureless and dismayed.



OAK Island is pitted with countless deserted shefts, tunnels, caves and other signs of buried treasure to rest in the soil. Above is one such excavation.



TREASURERS have made attempts to get at treasures by water (as depicted above). They have done no better than land-based expeditions . . .

The tragedy was yet another in a series of tragedies that have occurred on Nootka Oak Island. For 180 years men have doggedly searched for the fabulous treasure that is said to be hidden on this island of mystery, and many have met with violent death as a result of their pursuit.

So geographically insignificant that it does not even appear on most maps of the area, Oak Island lies about 30 miles west of Halifax, Nova Scotia, Canada. Consisting of roughly 32 acres of sandy terrain with areas of spruce and oak trees, it has been, and continues to be, the focal point for determined treasure hunters who are convinced that a vast fortune in pirate gold lies buried there, waiting to be found.

The main shaft of the treasure cache, more popularly known as the "Money Pit", goes straight down into the earth for about 170 feet. For the first 80 feet, at 10-foot intervals, there are oak log platforms, these ends embedded deep into the clay sides of the shaft. At a depth of about 122 feet there is an extra thick oak platform wedged into the shaft, and at about the 138-foot level there appears to be, from what drillings have shown, a cement chamber in which a buried a large oak chest.

At various intervals within the main shaft are several corridors which have been tunneled outward. Over the years, various mysterious artifacts and substances have been found, including coconut fibre, an inscribed stone, bits of hand-knwon wool that has been carbon-dated between the 1400s and 1700s, pieces of wove and silk estimated to date back to before 1800, a few links of gold chain, a beaten's whistle and a tattered piece of parchment with writing on it that has yet to be deciphered.

The Money Pit is not without its pitfalls, too. An elaborate system of flood tunnels continues to defy even the most sophisticated of treasure-hunting attempts.

What leads most trained observers to believe that the complex underground workings is a result of pirates storing their treasure is probably its similarity to a continental pirate bank discovered in Haiti in 1949. It is a large, undugout "storehouse" that was used by men than one band of pirates to hide their spoils when England, France and Spain, in the 1700s, decided to purge the seas of piracy.

The Haitian bank, much like the Oak Island version, consists of a main vertical shaft with horizontal corridors of various levels branching

out in several directions. According to — if you'll pardon the expression — the bank's "experts", it is generally thought that each band of pirates was assigned a corridor with a vault at the end where they could cache their plunder. Obviously, each vault was most likely sealed with clay to make it watertight. For after being buried their treasure, the pirates presumably connected flood tunnels from the shaft to the main shaft, allowing water to flood the

It is precisely this theory that precipitated one of the most ambitious Oak Island treasure hunts to date. Beginning in 1969, Dan Blankenship, along with fellow members of a joint US-Canadian syndicate called Triton Alliance Ltd., attempted an elaborate, well-planned, attempt to unlock the mysteries of the Money Pit and — as an added incentive — find the supposed buried gold.

Acting on the hypothesis relating to the Haitian shaft, Triton members during the past six years have sunk hundreds of drilling holes in a wide area circling the Money Pit. Samples taken from several of these holes included bits and pieces of metal and wood that were found at a depth of 235 feet. These findings indicate that there are several undugout cavities with wooden cribbing located around the main shaft.

Three years ago, Triton men drilled their largest hole, No. 10-X, about 180 feet northeast of the Money Pit. After increasing the diameter of the hole to 27 inches, they lined it with steel casing down to a depth of 180 feet, which is bedrock. They then continued the drilling, without casing, through bedrock to a depth of 230 feet. At this level several cavities were discovered. A remote-controlled, underwater TV camera was then lowered to see the cavities. What the camera appeared to produce on Triton's TV screens would have gladdened the heart of even the most hardened sceptic; no chests, log beams and even a human head!

Drillers descended immediately into the deep hole, but were unable to make out anything of interest in the murky water below.

Dan Blankenship believes the cavities in 10-X were rugged in much the same way as in the Money Pit, that they were connected with flood tunnels that bring water into the pit from the sea. The original diggers, he reports, "have so many flooding systems tied together, it's amazing." So far, Triton has only been able to block a few of these flood tunnels.

Just last year, Blankenship and his co-workers lowered some equipment into the 10-X shaft and were rewarded with signals indicating other cavities behind the steel casing above bedrock. At this writing, Triton plans to empty 10-X of water by using a 1,000-gallons-a-minute pump, the largest used on the island. By doing that they hope to be able to cut observation holes in the ceiling to determine if the cavities are man-made or simply natural phenomena. (Continued on page 21)

IVAN'S BEDTIME STORY



Q. Where among the log structures of Europa are the pits most prominent?

A. Looking over the general behavior of such small countries as Sweden and Denmark, the Russian fossils qualify as the most prominent; certainly a surprising finding considering the parsimonious approach to sea by the Red Government. A poll of Lantingual students showed that about 80 percent of the fossils had ranged in premarital sex relations before the age of 21. A majority of women interviewed in that city said they no longer loved their husbands and were looking out for a secret lover. Despite the parsimonious coverage, it is also clear that the rate of illegitimacy in the Soviet Union tops anything in the U.S. In fact, a town in the Urals, one out of every three babies born is illegitimate.

system and then filled in the main shaft, leaving a small patch of detached ground as the only visible evidence of their project.

It is evident to the Haitian bank investigators that the pirates had no intention of using the main shaft to get at their loot later on when the heat was off. Rather they are anyone else could have descended through the main shaft and made their way through the flooded tunnels to the treasure rooms. The theory that prevails today is that the pirates would simply have recorded the locations of their vaults in proximity to the main shaft and then dug straight down into the vaults when ready to spend their loot.



DRACULA: BLOODSUCKING VAMPIRE OR MR. NICE GUY?

The startling truth behind this
and other monster legends





BY
HARRISON RICHARDS

Was Dracula, the sleek, fearsome vampire of the late night TV movie, a real person? Impossible. That would be like saying that the Wolfman, prowling the night in his murderous quest, had some basis in historical fact. Or that there really was a Bluebeard,残忍地谋杀美丽的年轻女子和儿童作为牺牲品给魔鬼。Or that Vampira, Dracula's evil cousin, actually feasted on the blood of young servant girls.

That's all legend, isn't it?
Or is it?

The horrifying fact is that some legends are based on real people, who often committed deeds more gruesome and bloodthirsty than could be invented by an imaginative writer. And as for the monster created by Dr. Frankenstein—the true story surrounding his creation is even more incredible.

The evil Count Dracula of Transylvania first terrorized the reading public in 1897, thanks to the novel written by Bram Stoker. In the story, a real estate agent named Jonathan Harker travels to far-off Transylvania to arrange for the purchase of Carfax Abbey, an English property, by a certain Count Dracula. As a guest in the Count's castle, he finds "doors, doors everywhere, and all bolted and locked," and rooms in which there is not a single mirror (for a vampire casts no reflection in a mirror). Harker soon

realizes that Dracula is a vampire living with a horde of female vampires — and that he, Barker, is a prisoner. He also learns that the count is planning to leave soon for Carfax Abbey, taking with him 50 coffins. Dracula's ultimate intent — the conquest of England.

The count sets for England, taking the crew along the way. His first order of business upon arrival is to attack Lucy Westenra, a friend of Barker's fiancee, Mina. As Dracula draws Lucy of her blood, he gradually infuses his own blood into

time to save Mina, whom Dracula has also attacked to spread the vampire cult throughout England.

The simple, yet powerful story line quickly found its way onto the stage and eventually to the movies. The first was a German film, Nosferatu, starring Max Schreck, who as Count Dracula looked like an exhausted undertaker. But the best known, for American audiences, was the famous 1931 Dracula, starring Bela Lugosi, who continued to play the role in various guises until his own death in 1956.

geographical data was genuine, why not Dracula himself?

And so McNally, along with Romanian scholar Radu Florescu, set off on a quest to discover the identity of the real Dracula. What they unearthed is surely more horrifying than the vampire count of Bram Stoker's novel.

The real Dracula was a Wallachian prince in what is now the Romanian province of Transylvania. His contemporaries called him Dracula, but in Romanian history books he is known as Vlad Tepes, or Vlad the Impaler, for his favorite method of dispatching friends, countrymen, Romans, and enemies, was to impale them on stakes.

Ghastly the stakes were arranged in concentric circles on the outskirts of towns where they could be viewed by all. There were high stakes and low stakes, according to age, rank, and sex. There was impalement from above — feet upwards — and impalement from below — head upwards — or through the heart and navel. There were stakes in people's heads, snapping of limbs, blinding, strangulation, burning, the cutting off of noses and ears, and of sexual organs in the case of women, scalping and skewering, and boiling alive.

And Dracula — or Vlad the Impaler — did it all on a grand scale. Even the stout-hearted conqueror of Constantinople, Mohammed II, was aghast when he saw the remains of 20,000 prisoners rotting on stakes outside the town of Targoviste. And it did not sit well with Dracula when anyone criticized his impaling. When one of his more sensitive underlings led the tendency to hold his nose — presumably because of the stench of all the carnage — Dracula responded with his own brand of humor: He immediately ordered one of his officers to impale the man on a stake — but one high on the hill so that the unfortunate wretch might not be annoyed in his agony by the stink of corpses and blood all around.

In fact, Dracula had a sharp and devastating sense of wit. When some Turkish officials came to pay their respects at court, they bowed low but did not remove their hats, explaining that it was not their custom to take off their hats. "Very well," said Dracula, "we will make sure that you keep them on," and promptly had his men add the hats on the heads of the Turkish officials.

All in all, Count Dracula or Vlad the Impaler, was responsible for at least 100,000 deaths.

Yet for all his faults, the historical



"Your neighbor's OK. It's just that you should be about four feet tall . . ."

her body, causing her to "die" and become a vampire. The now "undead" Lucy proceeds to attack children in Transylvania, and is stopped only by the courageous Dr Van Helsing, who drives a stake through her vampire heart, thus killing her forever.

While the evil Dracula continues on his bloodthirsty way, Barker manages to escape from the castle and joins forces in England with Dr Van Helsing. The two begin a search for Dracula, who later during the day in one of his 50 coffins. After a threeling — and climbing — chase, the two manage to destroy him just in

Most people viewed Count Dracula as the product of the mind, not to say, overactive imagination of Bram Stoker. Obviously vampires do not exist, they reasoned, so Count Dracula could not have existed either. Then, about 15 years ago, an American scholar named Raymond McNally began to wonder whether there might be some historical basis for the vampire here. The land of Transylvania turned out to be quite real — a present-day province of Romania. The description of local towns and the Boorg Fort in the Carpathian Mountains turned out to be real. McNally reasoned that if the



"Looks like MOTHER's last night party has taught Fleet Finger how to play poker."

Dracula was not a true vampire. The name seems to spring from the Romanian language and folklore. In Romanian, the word for devil is "dracul", or "dracula", which is certainly an apt description of the count. According to Romanian folklore, the devil can change himself into an animal or a black bird, and when he takes wings, he can fly like a bat. Because in Transylvania, the only bats worth mentioning are vampire bats, that is how the connection works between Dracula, the devil, the bat and the vampire.

To most people today, human vampires sucking the blood of other humans probably seems no more than the ghastly imagination of ignorant peasants or Hollywood screenwriters. Yet the vampire legend is based on historical fact. There was, indeed, a 17th century countess who was an authentic vampire. Her name was Elizabeth Bathory, also otherwise known as the Blood Countess.

Bathory came from an old and illustrious family in Transylvania near the Hungarian border. Perhaps the Bathorys had been around too long, for while the family included cardinals, prime ministers, and kings, it also included satyrs, diabolists, and lechers.

At the age of 15, Elizabeth married Count Ferenc Nádasdy and went to live in his Castle Csóváts. The count was off fighting most of the time, so to keep herself busy, Elizabeth began dabbling in the occult with the help of her servants. And, for diversion, she began torturing some of her servant girls. When

her husband died after 25 years of marriage, the 40-year-old Elizabeth really came into her own.

Like many women, she was afraid of growing old and ugly, but there was no Aunt Lady or Helene Rohrbach around in those days. One day when a maid accidentally pulled her hair while brushing it, Elizabeth instinctively slapped the girl hard - so hard that it drew blood which spattered on her own hand. To

Elizabeth, it seemed as though the skin immediately took on the liveliness and youth of that of her young maid. Forget the counts - blood was the key to an eternally youthful skin! So Elizabeth summoned two servants, who helped her slice open the maid and drain her blood into a large vat. Elizabeth bathed in it to beautify her entire body.

She had launched herself on a 10-year career of active vampirism - a career that ended only when a potential victim escaped and informed the authorities of the ghoulish going-on. When the King's soldiers raided the castle, they were met with an appalling sight. In the main hall lay a dead girl, drained of blood. Near her lay another girl, barely alive, whose body had been pierced with dozens of tiny holes. In the dungeon they stumbled across dozens of still living young women with porous bodies. And beneath the castle they discovered the bodies of no less than 50 more girls.

The servants who had provided victims for the vampires were summarily executed, either by beheading or by being burned alive. Countess Elizabeth, who had friends at court, was never formally convicted of any crime. She was, however, walled up in the bedchamber of her castle, with only a small hole for a food pass-through. There she died, four years after being walled in.

After the hideous going-on in



"One more thing, may I have one of your calendar?"

Transylvania, it is a call to turn to Switzerland, where Frankenstein — or, more properly, Frankenstein's monster — was conceived.

Like Bram Stoker's Dracula, Mary Shelley's Frankenstein first appeared as a literary event. Perhaps her tale of a man who dares to create human life will someday be viewed as an uncanny prophecy, for even today scientists are trying to create "test tube babies", growing a viable human fetus in laboratory jars.

Of course, Dr Frankenstein built himself an eight-foot monster right off the bat (it was technically easier, he explains), while today's mad scientists concern themselves with growing a human from a small group of microscopic cells. Yet who can say that their creation, if successful, might not become monsters like that of Dr Frankenstein? It would truly be a case of life imitating art.

But back to Mary Shelley and her story. She and her husband, the English poet Percy Shelley; Lord Byron and his mistress, and a crazy Italian doctor were spending the summer together in Geneva, Switzerland. As on most summer vacations, it rained most of the time, and so the young people stayed indoors reading



"If I didn't love you would I seduce you?"

ghost stories to each other. At last, Byron proposed that they should have a competition: each person would write a horror story.

For night after night, Mary searched her mind for a subject, and

such morning had to admit that she had not found one. Thus, during one of the conversations between Byron and Shelley, something was said about the artificial creation of life, and the experiments of Dr Darwin. As she writes in the preface to her book, "The events on which that fiction is founded has been supposed, by Dr Darwin, and some of the physiologists writers of Germany, as not of impossible occurrence."

And that night, 19-year-old Mary Shelley had a vision:

"I saw — with shut eyes, but acute mental vision — I saw the pale student of unhallowed arts leading beside the shag he had put together — I saw the hideous phantom of a man snatched out, and then, on the working of some powerful engine, show signs of life, and stir with an unquiet, half vital motion. Frightful it must be, for supremely frightful would be the effect of any human endeavor to mock the stupendous mechanism of the Creator of the world."

"His success would terrify the artist; he would rush away from his odious handiwork, horror stricken. He would hope that, left to itself, the slight spark which he had communicated would fade, that this thing, which had received such imperfect emanation, would subside into dead matter, and that he might sleep in the belief that the abomination of the grave would quench forever the transient existence of the hideous corpse which he had looked upon as the cradle of life."

"He sleeps, but he is awakened; he



"We've prepared a detailed estimate for you, Mr. Jackson — er, I mean Mr. Jenkins."

put his eyes, behold the hand that stands at his bedside, opening his curtains, and looking at him with yellow, watery, but speculative eyes."

And with that Frankenstein and his monster were abolished on the world. In 1931 the film starring Boris Karloff as the monster was released. It quickly became a classic, and spawned dozens of other Frankenstein movies, including Frankenstein Meets The Wolf Man.

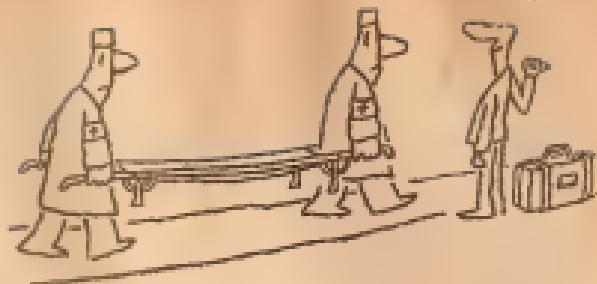
Now the Wolf man is usually a nice enough guy who falls in love with a pretty girl and on the eve of his betrothal notices the dread signs he will turn into a wolf. Hair begins to grow on the back of his hands and in patches on his body. And when the full moon reaches its peak the transformation from man-male wolf is complete. The horrible, bestial, half-man leaps into the night, in search of a victim to satisfy his craving for human flesh.

And here we are back on historical fact, for werewolves have been described since ancient times. The classical Greek historians, Plaut, Herodotus and Pausanias, cite cases of lycanthropy, or men turning into wolves, and there is a typical werewolf story in the Satyricon of the Roman writer Petronius.

In fact, there is an actual pathological aberration in which the patient thinks he is a wolf in order to gratify a craving for raw flesh, usually that of human beings. It is usually accompanied by the delusion on the part of the lycanthrope that a physical transformation occurs during these times — and it very often does. A ravaging psychopath who thinks he is indeed a wolf will have no trouble in distorting his features into a wolfish snarl while he tears his victims to pieces with his "claws". And a psychopath in the grip of his delusions is an extraordinarily powerful creature.

(Anyone who has seen an actor transform himself from a mild mannered person into a disengaged beast in a matter of seconds, with rolling tail, his coat to further the illusion, can imagine the tremendous potential of a real lunatic who actually believes he is a wolf.)

In addition to the psychotic lycanthropy, there have been a few cases of people who have wolf-like features and hair all over their bodies and faces. The rare medical condition is called hypertrichosis. In 1556 a hypertrichotic person named Peter Gonzales was born in the Canary Islands. The child was sold as a gift to King Henry II of France,



BOYC

and there he joined the king's collection of dwarfs, gnomes and other malformed individuals who have always seemed to amuse kings throughout history.

Known as the Wolf man, Gonzales was permitted to marry a lovely woman, but he complained that several of a children showed the same hairy characteristics. A number of paintings of the Wolf man and his family survive to this day, with their hairy faces and elaborate medieval court costumes they are striking lot indeed.

But if the mad werewolves of the past were content to go on their rampages once a month under a full moon, there was another monster whose tail operated round the clock. His name was Blasbad!

Not England's King Henry the Eighth, who acquired the nickname after dispatching six of his wives when they were unable to produce a royal heir, but a much more sinister and malevolent Frankenstein named Gilles de Rais.

As one writer put it grimly,

(Continued on page 81)

THE ROARING KILL

FICTION • T. T. FLYNN

When murder joins a fight for riches only fate crowns the winner — with death!

THE GOVERNMENT man said coldly, "Lanyard, this is the hardest thing I've ever had to do. But I've got my orders. There's your damned permit to graze the sheep. And I wish a bullet went with it!"

Soaking, the gaunt government man, had been raised a cowboy. So had Tom Lanyard. They understood each other.

Lanyard's face was expressionless as he took the paper. "I'd almost be inclined to throw the bullet myself," he said.

"Lanyard!"

The speaker was Buck Loeng of the Rafter T, one of the larger spreads to the south. Planted by a dozen men, Loeng stood hard and uncompromising as Lanyard turned a level look.

"I hear you've got a grazing permit for the Healey sheep, Lanyard."

"That's right, Loeng."

"You're Ram" to bring those damn woolies over on our grass?"

"It's free grass, Loeng. Free to anyone who holds a permit."

Buck Loeng spat on the floor. He was a big man, broad and solid. Anger was gathering in a slow, dark surge on his face.

"Don't hold me off with fancy words, Lanyard. You were raised on this range. You were a cowboy until you got wiped out. You know what it means to bring sheep over on this slope."

"Healey applied for a legal permit."

Loeng spat again. "To hell with your damn permit! You're a skunk, Lanyard! But as long as you keep your stink over on the sheep range it's your business. When you come after our summer grass it's my business, and every cowboy's!"

"I won't say it's not, Loeng."

"Are you sheep coming over?"

"I guess they are."

"You guess?" Loeng blazed with anger. "They are if you say so! You're in charge! You, who were one of us! You — a damned sheepman now for the Healeys! Think of the



good your old man scratches to keep? It's worse than if you'd been raised a sheepman! They don't know any better! Are you going through with that?"

"I don't start when I don't aim to finish, Loeng!"

Loeng saw it coming and tried to dodge. He failed. Buck Loeng's hard palm cracked like a bull whip against his face. "Pull your gun, you two-faced so-and-so!" The older man's hand hovered near his gun. He was rigid, red with fury.

"It won't work, Loeng." Lanyard said quietly. "I don't aim to be forced into a draw so the lot of you can pot me."

Buck Loeng's voice rasped with cold scorn. "You wouldn't have taken that if before you went into sheep! Sam Lanyard would turn in his grave on that hill by Clear Creek if he could see you now. Sam was a man, a cowboy!"

"Leave the dead alone," Lanyard said.

He was at the start when an oath rang out.



"Are you going to let him walk off an' laugh at me? I'm not! I've ginned wolves before!"

Lanyard whirled before that threat, drawing his gun. So fast was his flow of motion his crashing gun met the shot he feared.

Moving out of the line of fire, those who had guns were drawing them. Chunky, thick-breasted Necces Kennedy, for 10 years a troublous partner in the Circle K, stumbled back with a crippled shoulder.

Kennedy's bullet had missed its dodging target and dug into the trapping wall behind. And with the same fast flow of motion, Lanyard hauled himself up the stairs, up behind the false shelter of the barricade. The latter blast of gunfire kept after him. Spurts from the wooden barricade flew against his face. He felt the tug of lead through his weathered scimitar crown as he gained the landing.

Breathing hard, Lanyard hauled up his room. He threw up the window and slid over the sill. His feet found the crash below, the outer tree

trunk tips, two feet long, of the round beams which supported the second floor.

Hanging at arm's-length Lanyard heard the jangle reach his door. He dropped, lit hard, came up easily, and ran back into the night.

Panting, he reached the dimness of the lantern-lit livery stable. His maddened roar, short-coupled and wary, stood waiting. It was fed, watered, roared and slept. So swiftly did Lanyard mount and leave, he almost rode down the sleeping Mexican by the doorway.

Midnight found the dry, dirt road steeply rising. The high air of the upper mountains was cool. On the steep slopes the pines stood stark and dark. The distant, dismal howls of a wolf echoed off the high peaks.

Hunched in the saddle, Lanyard heard their call. He thought aloud, "Leader wolves. Here to tip 'em out. They'll be hell on the sheep." Then with only the moon and pine to witness, he muttered, "The sheep," and spat.

The Harley house faced south,

where the warm sun flooded the long front porches. There on the porches, where he lived these days from the sun-up to sun-down, old Rock Harley's querulous voice cut through the rising heat.

"Did you get the possum, Tom?"

Walking stiffly onto the porch, Lanyard said, "I got it." He nodded shortly to the younger man who stood by Rock.

Cliff Davis was about 30. His round, handsome face was shaven and alert. Today, Lanyard noticed with swift distaste, Cliff was wearing a new grey suit and a bright tie, and trousers were tucked neatly into expensive, soft-leather riding boots. Lanyard realized that these days, Cliff Davis always dressed up when he rode over to visit.

No reason why he shouldn't be well dressed, Lanyard grudgingly conceded.

Cliff Davis looked what he was — a prosperous sheepman. But the eyes were not hard to find. He lifted thick eyebrows. "Going to use that permit?"

"I got it, didn't I?"

Rack Hayley moved slowly. As usual, Lanyard was stung by the sight of the shrunken, withered figure.

Years ago, Rack Hayley had been a big man. He'd been confident and masterful in his strength. The blight of paralysis had been doubly cruel. Rack's spirit had broken, too. The shrivelled shell in that blankets

Lanyard eyed him coldly — "I never be a sheepman."

In the silence which followed, all three looked at the door. It was opening.

Rack called, "Hey we can take Tom! Tom got the permit! Tell mother!"

Kay was dark-haired, with a wary glint behind the face set sometimes of the early twenties. A few

years Lanyard never raised his voice.

Cliff Davis looked annoyed.

Hastily, Kay said, "Tom, you look worn out. You rode all night, didn't you?"

"Tom as fresh as a spring ram," Tom said.

"Coffee, something to eat, and bed for you, my boy," Kay said firmly. She turned to the older woman. "Never mind mother. I'll do it."

In the kitchen, as she measured coffee, Kay said, "You won't vary nice to Cliff."

"Wish me to be tender and gentle with him, Kay?"

"Idiot!" Kay said, flushing. "You know what I mean. Cliff tries to be nice. He came over this morning to offer father a loan. Cliff's been a sheepman all his life. He knows how things are."

"You mean I don't?"

"Are we going to argue again?" Kay said with exasperation. "We couldn't have gone on without you, Tom. You know that perfectly well. But you've always been a cowman. Cliff and my father are sheepmen. They see eye to eye."

Lanyard said, "Well..."

Kay turned suddenly and picked up the battered soapbox. She put her finger in the bullet hole. "Trouble, Tom?"

"Nothing to speak of."

"That permit makes everything all right, doesn't it?"

Lanyard grunted noncommittally. "Oh, sure, here it is. I'll bring the sheep through until we get rain."

"Will it ever rain again?" Kay burst out. "The range is ruined anyway."

"It's as dry on the San Pedro side as it is where we're gonna'. But they still have grass."

"Here drink your coffee — you can't." Kay flushed with quick anger. Immediately she was apologetic. "I'm an ill-tempered bunch Tom — you look so tired."

But the thing was always there ready to flare up, Lanyard reflected glibly. Sheepman cowmen, always antagonistic. What hopes could two people hold on to in unstable a formulation?

Then a little later in bed, Lanyard thought dreamily this solitude was even better than good meat and a soft bed. It soothed, comforted and brought strength for the future. It even helped a goat exhibit a constant smile like Cliff Davis.

Eight days later, Scarke, the government man, saw Lanyard. He spoke angrily from his saddle. "It



"I'm ready, sweetie."

charr was not the Rack Hayley who had come West with young Sam Lanyard; when the range on both sides of Los Hernandez peak was lush and virgin.

Rack's voice was frail. "Everything's all right now, isn't it, Tom?"

Lanyard's face softened. "It's all right, Rack. Leave it to me."

Cliff Davis' lips moved to uncover strong, white teeth. "You've turned quite a sheepman, haven't you, Lanyard?"

shagreen crept into Lanyard's face. He was smiling when a graying, motherly little woman stepped out a moment later and let her worried look at the news.

"I declare, I'm so relieved!" Ms. Hayley cooed fondly. "Tom, I don't know what we'd do without you."

Cliff Davis laughed. He put an gallantly. "I'm always around Mother Hayley."

"It does seem so," Lanyard agreed.



will mean murder. And 14 head guards won't stop it! Every cowboy on the San Pedro range is ready to fight!"

Lanyard was gruff, unshaven, and unsmiled. "Then I'll hire more gunmen, Searles."

Two thousand feet above them thunder rolled over Little Horners peak. But the black clouds were scattering to the west. Five thousand feet below, the sheep country shone in glaring sunlight.

In sudden panic Lanyard shook his fist at the retreating clouds. Then he gazed suddenly at the dry, close-grazed meadow, the blistern sheep which scattered everywhere, and the cook wagon at the lower end of the meadow where the head guards lounged.

"There's no pasture left below us, Searles!" Lanyard bit out. "There'll be no more growth until we get rain — and the sun don't come! Hanley's sheep must have grass or they'll be dying off before the summer's over, let alone making out through the winter. I've ridden five horses under in the last eight days, horse guards and getting the sheep headed toward Echo Canyon for the tally into government land. Hanley's sheep are going to live, if I can ride and fight!"

Searles' voice was hoary. "A range war is a terrible thing, Lanyard. You're young, but you should know Recklessness can't explain your stubbornness."

"I'll not order the first shot fired," Lanyard said woodenly.

Searles' reply was a flint of

temper. "I warned you it was too wild a thing for one man, Lanyard. It's coming. Make no mistake. You're a fool to chase it, a criminal fool!" The grizzled little man angrily turned away.

Lanyard stared after him for a full minute, and then sighed and rode down to the cook wagon. His manner was grim when he pulled up by the lounging men.

"They were not a pretty lot, but they would fight — for a price."

"We'll start the sheep into Echo Canyon tomorrow," Lanyard told them. "And whenever they're past the tally point you can look for trouble."

"How much trouble, Lanyard?"

"That's up to you men."

A second man spoke. "I'll risk my neck for cash — but not for sheep or glory," he granted, looking around for approval. "A man'd be a fool to look at it any other way."

Lanyard was smiling. But there was no mirth in his voice as he picked up the reins. "You may be right, Dawson. Who knows?"

That was the last time Lanyard smiled that day.

There was hard riding to be done to check the bands of sheep slowly converging toward Echo Canyon. Lanyard tried to drown the tumult in his mind and the sharp pain, in furious activity.

When he rode wearily back past

(Continued on page 71)





Susan Brown



THE SQUAD

Soldier against soldier, man against man. Brother . . .

FICTION/Graham McLeod

WE WERE in position more than two hours before first light. Widely dispersed, each of us by silent in the darkness, some sleeping, some thinking. I know I'd slept for a while, fitfully, restlessly. I didn't know what was in the other's mind. I'd jurred to disregard speculations like that.

But I knew what was in mine and I didn't like it. There were too many reminders of a trap in this deal.

Fing, that's been the way we'd got the message about this being the place where we'd meet up with the other squad. It had come through people we'd never met before and we'd taken it at face value. They may have been loyal to our cause if they could have been majors, planks deliberately leading us into an ambush.

It could be the enemy was waiting for us in the thick timber on the other side of that wide clearing. If this was so, we'd be sitting ducks.

Then, there was the location of the conference. With the river placed as it was there was no easy way for us to get to the timber without being exposed on the alluvial flat. Again, if they were there, it added up to the same total — they'd have us cold. They'd hold their fire until we were halfway across and then they'd let us have it. We'd go to ground and be pinned and they could pick us off as the whom took them. For us, there'd be no advance or retreat without covering fire. Not good.

That being so, I couldn't understand why we'd left it until after dawn before we closed in. Surely we'd have been safer under cover of darkness? But Wilson had told us this was how we'd do it and I wasn't going to argue with him. He was the old hand and this was his job. He'd never thrown men away for there weren't that many of us, anyway.

Lying there, I thought about Wilson.

He was tall, lean, hard, a one-time timber cutter from somewhere north

A fighter and a leader. Unlike the old army, we didn't bother about ranks. No one was sir and when we addressed him it was either as Wilson, or Bob, or maybe Chief. Privately, I always thought of him as That Skinny Bastard.

But I respected him. He was a coldly methodical killer and he demanded but one thing of us, that we became an objectively efficient as he.

Mostly, we did it with the knife or the thin nylon cord because it was quicker that way. We'd hit and be gone before the enemy realized what had happened. Kill and run. Numbers weren't important but mobility was.

When we were cornered and had to fight our way out, we did it without drama. Each member of the squad supported another, knowing the time could come when he himself would desperately need help. We were a team.

Our own wounded could be a problem.

Wilson would look at a man who was hurt, making a quick assessment of his chances of survival to fight again. If he deemed them to be fair we'd take endless trouble to help a man to a safe place where he could undergo rough surgery.

But if Wilson considered the odds poor, or the safety of the squad likely to be jeopardized, then the decision would be prompt.

It had been like that with young Bentley whose leg was so badly mangled by a grenade we had no hope of saving him. He just lay there silently watching us as we gathered about him, seeing down. There was a quiet begging in his eyes as he looked from one to the next. Then he sighed, exhaled. It was the end of the tree.

Gently, Wilson took the boy's rifle and ammunition. That's all there was.

"Sorry, lad," he said. "You know what to do."

Bentley tried for those few extra seconds of life.

"Leave me," he said. "I'll do it as soon as you've gone."

The moments ticked by.

"Now, lad," Wilson said. "While we're here. Then we'll know if you





don't and they get you, they'll make you talk. You know that. Get it over."

Bartley fumbled in his breast pocket and took out one of the cyanide capsules we all carried. He slipped it into his mouth, hesitated, then bit. He suffocated and then slumped, his eyes staring and his jaw hanging.

Wilson felt for his pulse, then he gave one of his rare orders.

"Bury him," he said, "and then I want us out of here before they come back."

"But he ain't cold," someone demurred. "Jesus, it's too quick!"

Wilson stared at the speaker.

"He ain't gone' to get any hotter, Mow."

Bartley had been the first after I joined the squad and those who followed him, knowing the rules, did it quickly. There was no other solution.

Silently, I raised myself and crept over to where Wilson lay. He was still shuddering through the now lightening gloom.

"Boss," I said, "I've got a question."

"Who hasn't?" he grunted. "Well, what is it?"

"Why don't we try getting over there before it's daylight? Don't you reckon there'd be less blinding that way?"

He rolled over on one side, regarding me.

"What's that thing in the middle of my face?" he asked.

"Your skin?"

"Yup. My nose. And I've learned to pay quite a bit of attention to what it tells me. It's telling trouble. Right now, it's telling me that over there we could run into big stuff. I didn't like the way we got those orders. It was too different. If something's wrong, they'll be waiting for us. Very ready. So we're going to sit tight until it's light enough for us to have a good look."

That was good enough for me. I had a lot of faith in Wilson's nose. It'd saved our lives before that, maybe including mine.

There wasn't any point in going back to my previous position as I stayed where I was. Anyway, I lied being next to Wilson. Somehow it made me feel safer.

We waited until the light came, the sun dispelling the early mists that hung over the over flat. I heard Wilson move and I watched him take his field glasses out of their case, putting them to his eyes and turning the focusing wheel with a fingertip. Methodically, he traversed from left

to right, then back again. Suddenly, he paused and I saw he was straining, concentrating.

He put the glasses down and rubbed his eyes across his forehead.

"The bastards!" he said softly, then he handed the binoculars to me as an invitation to take a look. Gently pointing the direction, I peered through the eyeholes. At first it was blurred. I hadn't focused properly. I saw what looked like three large socks hanging beneath the trees. Then it became clear.

They were bodies and I felt the cold run through me. Two men. One woman.

"Who are they?" I asked quietly.

"Don't you know? It's Sosanon and his wife and son. They got them. So it was a trap."

THE TWO-COUPLE SWAP QUITDROPOUTS



Two-soppers who stick to missing with only one other couple usually drop out of group sex activities a lot sooner than bastards and wives who go in for six, eight and 10 people orgies. Two-soppers usually word up on the game having run that dress than to disappear almost in the first place...

"What now?" I quizzed.

"They'll be waiting for us," he said. "They want us to see those bodies, knowing we'll lower them and bury them. As soon as we're in the open, they'll carry us up. Well, it ain't good to happen."

I liked that part. When looked at his watch.

"What've you got in mind, Boss?" I asked.

"The reception committee should be in position just about now," he said. "We'll give 'em 15 minutes more. Then we move out."

That didn't appeal at all.

"Over that flat?" I asked. "Boss, they'll murder us. We wouldn't have a chance! There's 300 meters out there where you'd be uphill holding an egg! It'll be like a shooting gallery."

"Well agreed," he assured me. "But we've got to draw their fire. It's the only way the others'll see where they are so they can hit them from

behind. That scrub's thick."

"What others?" I demanded. "There's only a dozen of us."

"You're wrong," he contradicted, "it's four."

I stared at him and then I got the message. I looked around me. The only ones I could see were Thompson and Brown. And Wilson and the Poor Bloody hell!

"I sent the others off two hours ago," he said. "Didn't I mention it to you?" and I saw he was grinning at me. He may have done it while I was sleeping.

Almost unconsciously, I peeked down on my pocket, feeling the little lump my pill made. I'd the notion that this may be the day I'd be needing it.

"No, you didn't, Boss. And a damned good thing. This way I'm only going to be scared for a few minutes instead of a couple of hours."

"Relax, Joe. They may be crack shots," he said.

"Boss, it isn't going to help none if they aim at you and hit me."

I checked my belt, making sure the magazine was full and that no dirt had gotten into the mechanism. The grenades hung from my belt within easy reach and my knife slid in and out of its scabbard, smoothly and easily.

In a situation like this, I wanted everything going to me.

Wilson watched my preparations.

"How long've you been in the squad now, Joe?" he asked.

"It seems like since the Beer War, Boss," I told him. I thought back over the burned time. "About four months, I reckon."

He nodded. "That's what I made it," he said. "You've learned it all well. You're a good boy, Joe."

I felt embarrassed at that, which from Wilson was high praise. I knew I had to change the subject.

"You know, Boss, I've only one question," I remarked.

"What's that?"

"I'd like to die a real old man," I answered. "Like maybe 70 years. That means I've only got 40 to go. But sometimes I think I'm not going to make it."

"You're kidding," he said, pretending surprised. "This is a fine life for a young chap. Adventure. Open air. Always on the move. No time to get bored. Never a dull moment."

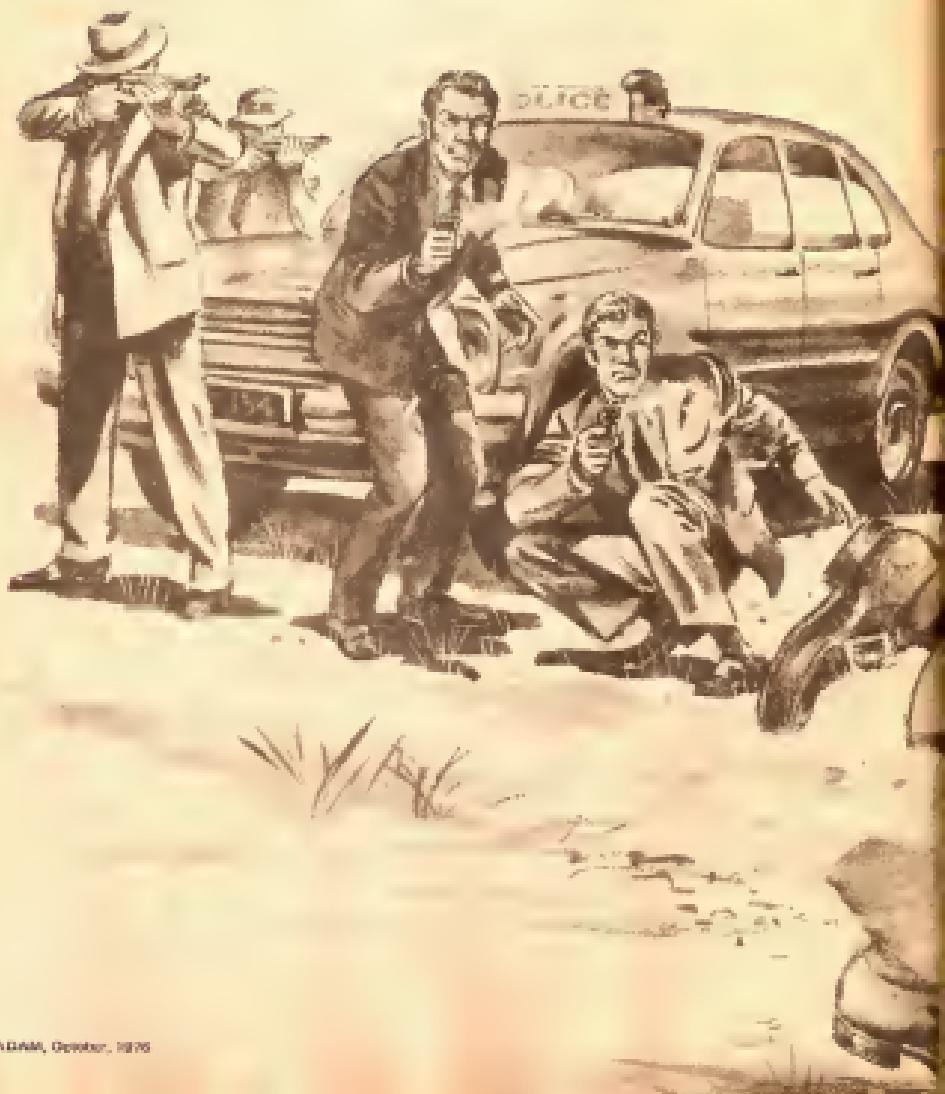
"And when I quit out, either," I told him.

But it had worked and now I grinned back at him. I felt better. The panic had gone and I was ready.

(Continued on page 30)



THE CLOCKWORK



CAPER

It was planned as a clockwork caper, but once you had form you were taped. All they had to do was look you up.

FICTION/Alex Tait

THE SMALL New South Wales township was quiet under the hot sun. It was early afternoon. Few people were on the streets. Those who were out in cars were keeping well into the shadow thrown by the buildings and trees.

A Chrysler Valiant turned onto the main street. It crawled along the hot tarmac and swerved left, nose into the kerb. The driver was middle aged, pale and nervous. He glanced through the windowpane at the delicatessen opposite, then along at the fruit shop and the bank. Having really seen nothing, he dropped his eyes to the passenger seat. With a deep sigh he picked up a clipboard and began working on the sales figures once again.

It was a lousy kind of day.

Suddenly a man appeared at the entrance of the bank. He was tall,





"Here's a mouldy cake, a coming attraction poster, and a dirty napkin from McDonald's. Make sure you put them where your mother will find them in the morning."

that, and somewhere in his late thirties. Two or three days stubble of beard covered his chin and his black hair hung in a shaggy mess to his shoulders. In one hand he carried a canvas bag, with the words BANK OF NEW SOUTH WALES stamped on it. His other hand clenched the butt of a Luger automatic pistol. His name was Clarke.

He stalked, both from surprise and from the bright light. Then he went down the six marble steps onto the footpath and glanced frantically up and down the street.

There was a sudden shot. It echoed out of the bank door and boomed between the white houses of the slope. He spun about wildly as another man appeared at the top of the steps.

The second man was called Gouchy. He was big, booted and gut-bellied. His shirt was open to the waist, showing a mass of jet black curls. Black curly hair covered his square skull. He also had not shaved for a couple of days and the dark growth ran over his chin like a deep shadow. His gun was a World War 2 carbine.

He stampeded down the steps and joined Clarke.

"Where is he?" he demanded.

"How the hell do I know."

"He should be here."

"I bloody well know he should be here."

"Then why isn't he?"

"For God's sake . . ." Clarke had been pacing impatiently up and down the footpath. Now he took a step towards the curb and squinted down the glinting street. "What we gonna do?"

Gouchy sluggishly shrugged and

snatched at the Lager tapping the window. He gulped and hurriedly wound down the glass.

"You've gotta be a tax," Clarke snarled. He arm cracked in to open the car door and he climbed into the back seat. Yelling at Gouchy, "Get in beside him."

Gouchy slammed the door shut. Clarke ground the Lager barrel into the thick folds of flesh at the back of the fat man's neck. "Move."

"Where?"

"Let's get move" first move, Clarke was shouting, but he couldn't hear it. They had maybe a handful of seconds to clear the township. "MOVE!"

The fat man reached forward a thick soft hand and switched on. Nothing happened. He began to tremble.

"Try putting her into neutral first, dummy," Clarke snarled.

"Oh."

The car roared, and reversed, making an enormous car swerve. The fat man was about to roll forward and let it pass when he felt the patrol again. "Forget him," Clarke snarled.

The fat man pulled the wheel



"Of course I realize I made a terrible mistake, dear . . . I should have gone with him to a mate!"

round hard and stamped on the accelerator. The Valiant jerked forward. They raced up the main street towards the perimeter of the township.

"What happened to Roberts?" Gouchy asked, blankly.

"Shut up," Clarke snapped in desperation. "I told you names don't use names."

"Oh, yeah."

"He must have backed out."

"Why would he do that?"

"Why, doesn't matter. When I catch up with him he won't have time to explain." He tapped the barrel on the fat man's head. "Faster."

Just then a patrol car came trudging down from the right. The two cops sat up when they saw the racing car had accelerated.

"Faster," Clarke screamed.

The whine of the siren followed them. Red lights flashing, the patrol car pulled up to overtake and block.

"Okay," Clarke snapped. "Stop."

As if he was only too happy to oblige, the fat man hit the brakes and the Valiant swerved to a stop. All three men were thrown forward. The patrol car, taken by surprise, shot past before stopping with screeching tires. Both cops jumped out.

Clarke was already out of the car, standing beside the driver with the nozzle of the Lager pointing into the man's chest.

"All right," he called. "Say where you are."

Both cops pulled up, their hands dangling uncertainly above their holsters.

"And leave those alone. Now, what you tickles do is stay where you are. Or else our driver here gets instant brain surgery with a bullet. Understood?"

Both cops nodded.

"Right. I don't want to see you, or any of your mates."

He clambered back into the car, his gun still pointing at the driver's head. "Right," he muttered. "Let's go."

The driver put the Valiant in Drive. The cops moved quickly to one side.

"Please," the driver implored as he drove past them. He gripped hard on the wheel and the Valiant swerved around the patrol car.

"All right," Clarke said, watching through the rear window. "Let's see what speed."

Within moments they were on the outskirts of the town, heading west along a narrow tar-macked road. Dust rose in clouds behind them, to be fried out even more by the blistering sun.

"What a bloody mess," Clarke said, slumping down into his seat, the Lager resting flat on his lap. "What a bloody mess."

"We got the money," Gouchy put in, standing the butt of the carburetor on the floor.

Clarke slowly shook his head in wonderment. "Sure we've got the heist. But we should be well away by now with everyone lost for where to look for us. Instead, we have to stop and let the cops know what we look like, what guns we're carrying and what direction we're heading in."

Gouchy stared through the windshield for a while. Then, turning to his seat again he said: "Well, we got rid of that dummy now."

"We can't."

"Why not?"

This wasn't the way he'd planned it. Everything should have gone like clockwork. But that basted Roberts ... looking out like that, running there so trouble. His mind went back further, just a week before, when he and Gouchy had been working in the small Sydney engineering factory. Processes, that's all they were. Turning threads in bushes, 10 hours a day for a miserable \$140 a week.

He'd been thinking about the bank for a long time. He'd even spent the weekend there, silently looking around. Then he'd casually mentioned it to Gouchy, wondering he had no job form. Gouchy was happy about it. He soon applied the name. Off a friend he said. Never used. War souvenir, with the frost pins still intact.



"So far I haven't seen one used car salesman up here."

Clarke sighed. "Because we need him as a hostage now."

"Ah."

"Ah, for goodness."

The driver gritted teeth. Instead he concentrated on the bumpy road, doing his best to avoid the potholes and stones. Sweat trickled down his face to soak his shirt. He also crooked down his arms to touch his hands and the steering wheel.

"What's the price like?" Clarke asked, after a long while.

"Three, three and a half," the fat man answered hoarsely.

"What does she do?"

"She . . . 17, 18."

"Where does this lead?"

"Simpsons Beach."

"What's that?"

"Town A, small one. Just a pub and a few houses."

"Is there a patrol station along the way?"

"No."

Clarke fell silent again, thinking.

But that bastard Roberts.

"What was that shot?" he asked suddenly.

Gouchy stiffened. Then, turning about, he tried to smile.

"Well..."

"They were about to move."

"So?" Clarke asked, his heart beginning to hammer even faster. If he'd...

"So I put a bullet in the roof. Just to keep them in line."

Clarke let out a long sigh of relief.

"Where am I supposed to be going?" the fat man asked.

"Just keep driving."

He opened the canvas bag. Inside were bundles of one, five, 10 and 20-dollar bills. He picked out a bunch of 20s and thumbtacked it back good. Christ, if only Roberts had played straight instead of backin' out. They'd be far away, in the clear.

He sat up. Fifty metres ahead, a rough track ran off the road. It led

(Continued on page 63)

NIGHT VISIT

Continued from page 8

with the wind rustling the trees he sounded like a flock of sheep at the暮 I took advantage of his naivete and made my own. Now I was in the scrub it was all I could do to stop from laughing out loud.

These bastards were going to wish they'd stayed in their goddam little beds before this night was over.

Under cover of the scrub, I stalked the shadowy figure that moved slowly ahead of me. I could have shot him at will, but it was preferable to get rid of him in silence — the less any of them knew about what was happening the better — for me.

He was nearly crouched against the light walls of the house as he laid over his companion. There was no aggression and he panted, staring without any attempt at stealth along the line of scrub, toward me. He was running to his other mate, on the other side of the house.

I tightened my grip on the rifle and, holding it like a baseball bat, waited behind a tree. Just before he passed my tree I stepped out and swung the bat hard at his pale face. It connected with a jolt that hurt me all the way up to my shoulders.

He was the short, mouthy one who'd dropped the bottle, the hot

one he'd ever dropped. I exchanged my 22 for his 30. The rifle was almost as long as he was. I checked the magazine, pocketed a handful of spare shells and started after the last half of the team.

Shots came from other positions. My heart leapt — what if John had become unable to stand the collar any longer and had come out? I raced along at breakneck pace, somehow managing to keep my feet. More shooting. At last I came to the bedroom side of the house. It had been burning fire — one of them was standing against the wall, creeping up on the window.

The other would be in the scrub somewhere, ready to protect his friend. They couldn't know what had happened on the other side, so probably thought I was still drunk. The hole against the wall seemed to be at a loss for what to do — he was standing there, unmoving. No doubt he didn't relish the idea of striking his head through the broken glass and maybe get it blown off. I decided to put him out of his misery. Thumbing the safety, I did my breathing and took first pressure on the trigger, aiming into the upper third of the target. The big weapon bucked as it detonated. Without hesitation I rolled over and assumed a new position, watching along the scrub for the one still under cover.

The figure near the house was on the ground and screaming. I took

advantage of the noise to walk the night on the roof. A shot happened. Not a couple of paces, except the screaming died — bullet hitting ground — gun shot? I needn't have put him out of misery but the sounds would trouble the other — if he hadn't been unconscious already.

"John! John!" His name was on the verge of cracking. I cradled the rifle in my arms and crawled toward him. There was a last bubbling rat-tat and the sounds from the wounded man ceased, leaving a silence that would work on my nerves just as well.

I was close enough by then to hear his sobbing — I had no pay — they asked for everything they got if it had been somebody defenseless they had taken on they would have relished it — tormented them to the best — maybe even worse. Their type didn't deserve below.

His quivering voice rose, "All right... All right Master Master! I give in! Don't shoot!" Let him sweat for a minute. "Out into the clearing hands on your head." He gagged as I started to speak, surprised at my ferocious, then did as I asked. It was higher-pitched and he was a far cry from the tough guy of earlier that evening the body was naked by silent sobs similar to those of a child after a big howl.

In the house I undid him, up, military style — a piece of string tied to a thumb, passed around his neck then tied to the other thumb after pushing his hands high up his back. Any attempts to escape would cause the thin cord to bite painfully into his throat.

Julie was a mess when she came out of the black hole, dirty and crying, she locked her arms around me and refused to let go. Eventually I disengaged myself and, torch in hand, inspected the bodies — they were all dead.

Since that night two years ago, I have refuted every more crazy claim, and no matter which way I look at it, I come to the conclusion that I was justified in my actions. The great pity is that the jury (who, as taxpayers contributed to my army training) didn't agree and returned a guilty verdict for murder.

The judge said that I had gone too far in clubbing that man to death, when, because of my training, I had the advantage and therefore should have used less violent methods. However, because of the "mitigating circumstances", he sentenced me to 10 years.

So that's the name of the game and I'll say this however, "No human is ever going to hurt my Julie."



THE NAZI TORTURER OF STALAG 12 (continued from page 12)

Lowry was barely able to concentrate on his work as the hours dragged by. What if I'm wrong? he brooded. Lots of people look alike. And it's been 30 years since I saw him last. His first instinct was to forget the whole matter. Then memories of his months of torture and degradation in the camp flooded back. He had learned after the war that he was the only survivor of Stalag XII. The other POWs, after their hasty evacuation from the camp, had died when the train transporting them north had been stalled and bombed by RAF planes unaware that the sealed boxes below held dozens of Allied prisoners. Lowry was literally the only man alive who could identify "Schemidt" as a sadistic butcher. That such a monster should be permitted to live in freedom was incomprehensible.

Al Lowry made his move during lunch break, when he spotted "Fred Schmidt" seated with the other inspection team members on the far side of the cafeteria. Lowry wrapped down his coffee, stepped around to approach "Schmidt" from the rear. He hid immediately behind the rear, and in a loud voice:

"It's been a long time, Sergeant Metz."

Except for a slight tightening of his heavy shoulders, "Schmidt" showed no reaction to the words. Lowry walked over to face him, stared down into the man's cold grey eyes. "Aren't you remember me, sergeant?" he asked. "Al Lowry. From Stalag XII."

"You are mistaken," "Schmidt" croaked, his face expressionless. "My name is Fred Schmidt!"

"But you were in the German army during the war!"

Schmidt's expression hardened. "I don't see what connects that to me. Years. As a matter of fact, I was, along with seven million other men of military age. However, that was a quarter of a century ago. If you will excuse me, I will now finish my lunch."

Put off balance by "Schmidt's" calm manner — and the curious glances of other men in the cafeteria — Al Lowry nodded and backed away. For the next few days, Lowry exhaustively questioned long-time mill employees, learned that "Schmidt" had immigrated to the United States in 1953, had worked at the mill more than 15 years, had a reputation as a solid family man, was well-liked by



"Now just because you have three mud impotents to tear off your clothes doesn't mean you have to be institutionalized. I can put you up at my place."

all the neighbors. That he had once been the cold-blooded killer Doctor Metz seemed improbable.

Lowry had already decided he had made a mistake when he had his first brush with death. The sheet steel shop was a huge building with a high, girdered ceiling, lined with catwalks, derricks, complicated wind lifting devices and other machinery. Late on the afternoon of May 13, Lowry was busy working his press when the assistant foreman gestured to him. He stepped very back from the equipment — and, barely a second later, a heavy wrench fell from the girders, slammed to the concrete floor in the exact spot where Lowry had stood an instant before. The sound of the impact cut above the roar of the steel presses.

"Christ, that was close!" the foreman yelled, hurrying over to Lowry. "Your head would have been mashed like a ripe tomato! I'm really gonna chew out the dumb son of a bitch who dropped it!"

"However, no one was found above," Yellowbelly snarled, his runny

the foreman grumbled. " Didn't want to admit he'd made a dumb mistake!"

That's one possibility," Al Lowry said wryly, wondering where "Fred Schmidt" had been when the wrench was dropped.

Although he couldn't be sure that "Schmidt" had tried to kill him, the incident helped him make up his mind about a course of action. The next morning he called in sick, then drove to the town's police headquarters, reported his suspicions to a hunched-looking detective sergeant named Robert Coffins.

"What do you want me to do about it?" Coffins asked gruffly. "See a local crane — and it happened 30 years ago! I have no legal reason to question this man Schmidt!"

"At least check it out with the FBI or somebody," Lowry pleaded. "Maybe Schmidt is his real name. I read up on war crimes after I was released. A lot of SS men with bad records got permission to use aliases on duty after 1944, just in case the Allies won."

"Okay, I'll send a letter off," Collins agreed reluctantly. "But I kind of doubt you'll get any sort of satisfaction. The Federal Government stopped looking for suspected Nazis way, way back."

Trying to get it all out of his mind, Al Lowry returned to work the next day. A few minutes after punching in, he was summoned to the office of Willard Krugan, the supervisor of the sheet metal division. "Lowry, I hear you've been raising other questions all sorts of questions about Fred Schmidt," Krugan said indignantly. "What's the story?"

"No story. I thought I knew him during the war, that's all. In a POW camp."

"Fred is the captain of my bowling team," Krugan said with a deep frown, "and a good guy. If it wasn't for him, we wouldn't have raised more than a couple of berths for hemophiliacs this year. Sure, he was in the German Army. Got wounded fighting the Communists at

Solingen. Hell, I was on Guard detail but you don't see me going around picking on Jews in 1973! Let bygones be bygones!"

"Wasn't like that," Lowry muttered. "Did Schmidt put you up to this?"

Krugan glared at him. "Never said a friggin' word to me, Lowry. And if you want to keep your job, stop asking around about Fred. I don't know what's on your mind but he's my pal and I don't want newsmen like you running his reputation last time I'm gonna talk about it."

Lowry's bitterness increased when, less than a week later, he got a phone call at home from Sgt. Collier, Washington, wrote back, Mr. Lowry," the policeman said. "There are no war crimes charges pending against either Doctor Metz or Fred Schmidt."

"There sure as hell ought to be!" Lowry answered. "Metz was also a guard at Auschwitz. Maybe the West Germans or the British are looking for him."

"That's way out of my jurisdiction," Collins sighed. "I'd advise you to forget it. After all, you admitted you aren't dead sure it's the same man."

Several days after that Al left his car to Mark Jacobson, a good friend of his from the plant. Mark had said something about having to pick up something early the next morning and his car was in the shop.

Late that afternoon Mark was still out. Al worried a bit about the car but trusted Mark enough to let the master slide. Al felt his stomach drop to his feet about four o'clock when Krugan came running out of his office screaming something. From where Al was stationed it was all pretty incoherent but he found out what had happened soon enough. Mark had had an accident. A big one. And he was dead.

"Cops and he must have lost control of the car when he drove around the curve on Brinkridge Road and smashed head-on into a pole," Krugan said, himself visibly upset. "Sorry, Al," he added, passing Lowry on his way back to his desk.

It didn't strike Al right away that the car might have been tampered with or made so it could only hold up a few more miles. If that was the case, it was meant for him, and he really had Doctor Metz pegged. But still, he wasn't really sure.

Al Lowry was sure two nights later, when that Ford sedan nearly ran him down as he left the Blue Keg Bar. "Fred Schmidt" was Doctor Metz — and the German planned to silence him forever.

Thirty years before — when he was 19 — Al Lowry had vowed to kill Metz. If he had encountered the German again in the following decades, he would have undoubtedly carried out his promise. But now — 49 and feeling it, barely able to recall the names and faces of the dead friends he had sworn to avenge — Lowry realized that he was incapable of murder. But that Doctor Metz obviously wasn't.

Lowry decided, the morning after he was nearly flattened by the "fat and run driver," that his only course was to quit his job and head back east, contact European governments that might still be seeking Metz as a war criminal. His determination to see the German punished remained as strong as ever.

He went to work, stopped to check "Fred Schmidt's" car. As chief of the safety division, he had a specially marked space in the plant parking lot. The vehicle was a brand new, unmarked Buick. The car that had attacked him the night before



"I'm going from the trees because there's all sorts of weird, crazy things on the ground."

had been a mid-size Ford. Lowry must have stolen it, Lowry thought.

The first stop was "Schmidt's" office. He had rehearsed the speech he planned to make to the German: "No sense trying to murder me anymore, Metz... I've talked to the cops, gave them your name... Both sides... They've sent reports to Washington... Damned thing you could do is knock me off... Who do you think they'll look for first if I get killed 'accidentally', you silly Kraut?"

He never got to speak those words, since "Schmidt" had left on a routine tour of the main steel works. "Tell him I'll be back later," Lowry muttered at the German's secretary. "Say former PFC Al Lowry called."

When Lowry reached the shop, the foreman told him his job that day would be to run the overhead which was used to remove huge steel plates from the forge presses. He often pulled the duty when the regular operator — a heavy drinker — failed to show up for work.

As he climbed flight after flight of steel stairs to the towering roof of the shop, Lowry wondered how Metz would react to the message he had left at his office. He learned sooner than he had expected. As he worked his way along a catwalk to the wind cage, he heard a faint clatter behind him, turned to see "Fred Schmidt". The man was carrying a massive half-pipe hammer.

"Why are you tormenting me like that?" Schmidt asked, his features a knot of fury.

"You know damned well, Metz," Lowry replied.

"I have told you that I am not the man you once knew," Schmidt said, still cracking on.

"If you aren't, what the hell are you worried about?" Lowry said scowling, waiting for Metz to attack. Once his body hit that floor hundreds of feet below, signs of human blows would be obliterated, reader written off as just another "industrial accident".

Lowry expected Metz to charge at any second, wringing the humor. But the German approached slowly, cautiously, forcing Lowry backward along the catwalk. He knew there was no one yelling for help. The roar of the forges below would drown out his words. He glanced around desperately, looking for a weapon, any weapon.

And then he saw Metz's eyes narrow, breed for an attack. But it didn't come. What was the German up to? Why didn't he lunge?

Lowry's retreating right foot felt the catwalk floor suddenly sag



"Dances are easy to find... just sit on a bench reading the Wall Street Journal."

slightly. With a surge of horror, he realized that Metz had set up the whole scene — yet the regular operator drank the night before, knowing that Lowry would take his place. An safety inspector, Metz had the run of the plant at any hour. It would have been easy for him to cut partly through the rivets holding a section of catwalk in place. Now he was making damned sure that Al Lowry stepped onto the trap!

Unable to go backward, Lowry charged. He saw Metz raise the hammer, threw himself to the right, almost went over the safety rail as the steel ball crashed down on his shoulder. His whole left side ached with pain; he drove his right fist into Metz's face with savage force. Metz held his grip on the hammer.

Metz, blood streaming from his shattered nose, tried to grab Lowry's throat. The American fell to the catwalk floor, clutched Metz around the legs, attempted to pull him down. But he weakened left arm was unequal to the task. Metz pulled free. Confused, he stepped back, preparing to run a vicious kick at the prone American, unaware that he was on the sabotaged section of walk. The loosened rivets gave way with a series of tortured metal.

Through pain-blurred eyes, Lowry saw Doctor Metz plunge to the shop

floor. The screaming Nazi's hands clutched the safety rail all the way down, as if he were unable to accept the fact that it was no longer attached to the catwalk.

The death of "Fred Schmidt" went on the record as an accident, although Lowry was questioned at length by the police after he busted shoulder had been set in a cast. "They established that "Schmidt" was seen wandering around the catwalk — without any good reason — the night before," Lowry — no longer employed by the mill — recently recalled in an interview. "Had to have been him weakened that thing. I guess the company put pressure on to keep the investigation low key. They practically ran the town. I didn't argue, since I was in the clear officially... But later I got to thinking, decided to release the story atleast a real names and places weren't used. I'm still a steel worker and the company could have me blackballed from the industry if they figured I'd done anything to 'embarrass' them..."

"The way I figure it, the country ought to know what happened. God knows how many other guys like Doctor Metz are walking around the US today, 'ordinary guys' who used to be more considerate. I'm not a foreign type and I don't think the government should be either..."

MOANA

Continued from page 38

Prewitt: You suddenly shouted: "Who wants a hamburger?"

"I'd rather have meat museum attendant," Moana said loudly.

"That would be something different," Choyce said. "But they don't serve it at the local hamburger bar."

"We could cook him ourselves," Moana said.

"Turned out a spit in the barbecue. I did have it built so most a sheep. No reason why a man wouldn't fit in it if we eat off his legs and maybe his head. Sort of topped and tail'd like gooseberries." He giggled.

Moana smiled. And I didn't like it. I wondered if I could get out of here. "He's an old man, he's probably tough," I said loudly.

"We could make him live in with with a few hots," Choyce said. He giggled again. "The more I think of it, the more I like the idea."

There were moments of agreement.

It looked to me as if it had all the makings of an orgy, but Moana wasn't a girl like that — was she?

"Do we need vegetables with him?" Moana asked thoughtfully.

"A good steak needs no trimmings, except perhaps a little red wine. I wonder what the authorities would recommend to go with human flesh." He giggled.

"It's a red meat so a red wine," Moana said.

"You must be all mad," I said.

"I don't think so," Choyce said. "What would you do if you were on a ship which sank and you were in a

lifeboat with other men and no food or water?"

"What could I do?"

"Would you eat one of the crew — so you could survive?"

I shrugged my shoulders. "Maybe," I said casually.

"It has been done."

"I wouldn't know. I've never been aboard a ship which has sunk."

"It's amazing what people will do, given the right circumstances." He groaned at me.

"That would be cannibalism."

"That is one name for it. And cannibalism is not rare."

I looked at him.

"Perhaps in modified form. Such oral symptoms as the kiss of the adult, forms of affection as my honey, my sugar, are all manifestations of cannibalism."

I shuddered. I'd been in a lot of ports, but I'd never been with a crowd like this.

"And you are just the man we need. You won't be squeamish at the sight of blood."

"No, but what about everybody else? It could be messy."

"Ok, we'll be all right. Have another drink everybody," Choyce called gaily.

I went along with the joke, of that's what it was. "He should hang for a few days. New killed meat hasn't much taste."

"We haven't time for that," Moana said anxiously.

"Have you got very sharp knives?"

I left Moana about the kitchen. It was tidy, a beautiful job. It was more like a butcher's shop than anything else. There was meat hooks, a rail. There was a cold room.

And there was a big old-fashioned butcher's block in it, the sort of thing found in butcher's shops where they had swinefat bacon. Cut from the trunk of a tree, six feet across and it looked well used.

It suddenly occurred to me that they had done the sort of thing before. And I felt uneasy — again.

Choyce had a beautiful set of butcher's knives. "You could cut up an ox in here."

"We probably could," he agreed almost-mockingly.

All the knives were as sharp as razors. I couldn't really improve on them, but I took a skinning knife to hone for show.

Back in the lounge I sat there idly sharpening the knife and sipping my beer. The crowd watched me. Appreciatively? Maybe not. The more they drank the more their eyes glinted.

I wondered if perhaps Moana had been Choyce's girl. I'm a moody cow when I get a few drinks in me and as I sharpened the knife I looked at him. Perhaps I'd get him drunk. I had another drink. But what the hell! I was sailing out of here tomorrow and it would be a long time before I was back — if ever. Though for a woman like Moana I wouldn't mind jumping ship — they'd be lucky to catch me.

"Say, that's a very sharp edge you've got on that knife," Choyce said admiringly. He stood back and looked at me and I didn't like the look. It was cold and hard. It hadn't been there before.

"Let's have one for the road," Choyce said.

"Sure," I said. Quite frankly my head was feeling fuzzy. Maybe this New Zealand beer was stronger than I thought. But I was accustomed to heavy drinking.

"You don't look too good," Choyce said. "Are you sure you can handle another drink?"

"Sure," I said. I waved the knife. And he stepped back nervously. "Put a double gin in the beer this time."

He brought it back. I drank half of it off in one gulp. "What's driving?" I asked.

"I'll be driving," Moana said quickly. She was older.

Then the room started to revolve. I drank the other half of the drink. Choyce seemed to be watching me approvingly. I had to sit down on one of those padded revolving chairs he had. And I spun once and found myself on the floor.

From a long way away I heard Choyce say, "He's a fine specimen, Moana. Who's for deviled kidneys? If we all get to work now we can have them for supper."



"There it is again — laughter."



HELLBOUND EXPRESS

Continued from page 28

"Whoever drew up the plans for that bridge sure knew his business. I guess it was my predecessor?"

Gafar was equally certain. "Mr Franklin."

"Franklin," Marrick echoed the name. "I don't think I know him. They tell me he reigned."

Gafar's eyes betrayed him. It was as though he had been forced to make a decision. Unguarded flashes of conflict registered before he lowered his head. His voice was thin,

"No..."

"What happened?"

Gafar met his probing gaze. "He was a good man. He was very generous to me. Very loyal." The sudden emotion in the man's voice surprised Marrick.

"But Franklin didn't reign?"

Gafar had made his decision. He looked around furtively, then beckoned Marrick to follow.

He led the way from the edge of the precipice, locating a path worn through the tangled growth. The canopy of trees cut off the last remaining light. They walked downhill for another 10 minutes before Gafar switched on a small torch. The steady beam revealed the

wall of rock across the clearing. Gafar pointed to the narrow entrance of a cave in the ledge.

Marrick signalled for him to proceed. His mind was racing, his tension somehow amplified by the nervous scrabbling from the alien tactops around them.

Inside the cave, the mountain glistened on the rocks. A cavern boulder had been slung onto a ledge. Gafar lifted a corner of the clammy shroud, placing the torch on the corpse with the curved hands embedded in its chest.

Marrick controlled his revulsion. "Harald?" he heard himself ask.

"Mr Franklin went to his rest one night. I heard them argue. I followed Harald when he brought Mr Franklin here." Gafar turned and spat.

"What were they arguing about?"

Gafar shrugged. "I don't know." "Who the hell knows about this?"

"Nobody." Marrick hesitated. "What about the grave?"

"She wasn't here. Harald had come alone to the camp."

Marrick was conscious of a sudden feeling of relief. But, as he stared down at the knife, his mind became filled with questions. Questions that demanded answers. Questions that picked at his flesh and made their return through the jungle seem insatiable.

At the camp Harald was waiting. "Where have you been?" he demanded.

"Checking the construction." Marrick ignored the deep suspicion with a wave of his hand. "We should be finished in 10 days."

Harald appeared satisfied. "The radio. Electricity," he said, "and make the necessary arrangements..." *

Marrick ignored the approach of the oxygen. He walked instead to where the team of laborers gathered up their tools. The track had been completed only minutes before. He gazed along the twin ribbons of steel running the length of the bridge. It had taken an additional 15 days to finish the project. Heavy rains had delayed the final stage.

The laborers tramped past him, heading back to where their camp was already being dismantled. Gafar was nowhere to be seen.

A lone under the heating afternoon sun, Marrick again had time to think. He shivered, despite the heat, as he stood again in that cave with Gafar, looking down on the ugly knife protruding from Franklin's chest. Again there were questions unanswerably in his mind, one question looming, inexplicably, above all the others: now that the project was finished, would he — Marrick — be the next to join Franklin?

The sound of his name being called spun him around. Suzanne Grant was regarding him with a stolid expression. He was instantly aware of her body, progressively caged by a tankini and mini skirt, her long legs tanned and bare. Her perfume drifted on the scorching air.

She was equally conscious of the emotions she charged within him. She stepped closer, smiling, and nodded to the bridge.

"Well, Marrick, it looks as though you can do something properly. I wonder what she'd be capable of..."

Her question remained unanswered. Marrick rejected the rum she had created. He slammed a door in his mind and his voice cracked like a whip.

"Tell me about Franklin."

Her expression changed. Shock replaced with anger. "Who have you been talking to?"

"You and Franklin reigned."

"We did..." She withdrew but he noticed her arm.

"Did he tell you he was quitting?"

"No. He told Harald. They came back to Kharbotin together and Franklin got straight onto a train for



"No, it's not an unconscious disease. It's just that you happen to be the first human to contract it."

Cave I didn't see here." She began to struggle.

"I've got some news for you, Suzanne." Merrick's voice faltered. "Franklin's still here."

He led her across to the path which Caesar had shown him. He released his grip on her arm and they walked in silence for a few minutes.

"How long have you been with Interglobal?" he asked her.

"Two years . . ."

"You must know a lot about them," he suggested, "especially being the president's secretary . . ."

Her tone was quiet. "Mr. Verrik's been good to me." Their eyes met. "He flew in today with me — to inspect the project . . ."

She tramped on the rough surface of the path. Merrick placed an arm around her as they walked. Her perfume was intoxicating. They crossed the clearing and Merrick guided her into the cave. By the weak glow of his cigarette lighter he litored the strand and tilted it. Suzanne stepped back, stifling a scream. In her eyes she saw something terrible. When she could speak, her voice was a whisper.

"Why . . . ?"

The powerful torch beams illuminated them. Merrick tightened his grip on the girl. The shadowy figures beyond the light carried guns. Hand uttered another roar forward. A small, fat man whose skin glowed especially.

"Why?" The small man echoed Suzanne's question. Merrick's fingers stroked the grey cloth at his temple. "Franklin asked too many questions. He became too dangerous — so you have both become too dangerous."

"Mr. Verrik . . ." Suzanne's voice faded as the fat man drew a gun.

"Unfortunately, my dear, you are very expendable. It would have been better if you had accepted things as they were — the good life, the money — even though you may have suspected the truth."

"Which is . . ." Merrick asked.

"Interglobal carries our projects for — special clients. You might say we are the technological equivalent of Morder Incorporated. We build nuclear reactors in Africa — running for international drug runners." Verrik's teeth flashed. Merrick guessed the man was middle-European. "Take this project — we are building the railroad for a group of African terrorist movements. With money from China. The trains will carry guns and munitions into the heart of the African continent — under the cover of the people."

"And Franklin found out?"



"And any incident of a native girl of this planet being molested by a member of this crew will be dealt with severely."

Again Verrik bared his teeth. "Unfortunately, yes." He signalled to Hanek. "Take them back to the camp."

"What are you going to do with us?" Suzanne struggled as two uniformed men seized her.

"Tomorrow morning, my dear, the first train will run through here on its way south. Loaded with Arab guns, tanks and missiles. When it does, our project will be finished. We will all leave — except you, and your friend . . ."

The march back to the camp was in silence. The rasp of boots and the noise of torture died on the still jungle air. At a turn in the path they saw a shadowy form. A tooth beam flashed over the body, revealing the hideously disfigured, tortured face of Caesar.

* * *

The camp was deserted. The laborers had gone. The morning sun glinted on the blades of the chopper. Two uniformed guards, carrying sub-machine guns, escorted Suzanne and Merrick to the edge of the gorge.

From the other side, above the wild chattering of jungle animals, came the sharp shriek of a locomotive.

Thousands of birds wheeled crazily as puffs of smoke marked the train's progress towards the bridge.

Verrik walked from his tent with Hanek. The pilot led them to the chopper. Within minutes it was hovering above the bridge. Verrik and Hanek straining to see the engine as it rounded a curve.

There was a blast from the locomotive. Within that instant, as the two guards looked across to the bridge, Merrick leapt. He cut out down the first man. He scooped up the gun, flung it at the other guard, spinning him away, blood-splashed and jerking.

The helicopter hovered 100 feet away. There was no time to aim, no time to estimate range. Merrick swung the gun at the chopper and sangled it. He saw the cabin wall shatter, the pilot stamp forward, the machine lurch and plummet. Flame licked its body.

The train was on the bridge. The chopper was like a fireball, crashing down on the locomotive. A dozen different fires leapt up from the bridge timbers. A man, his Arab head-dress in flames, dove into the gorge. The loco cracked, its boiler

erupting, a deadly storm of hot coals and spraying steam. Rolling stock spewed out over the bridge. Flat top trucks, with tanks lashed aboard them, toppled into the ravine. Munitions trucks exploded like a chain of firecrackers, some in mid-air, cleaving great masses of rock from the walls of the gorge, showering buckled track, twisted metal, wheels and flaming wood into the bowels of the chasm below. Again and again the cliff was rocked by thunderous detonations. Then, the entire bridge, its tank broken, a blazing mass, surged and crashed in a furious cloud of dust and smoke.

When the last deepest explosion had died away and the ground had ceased to tremble, Merrick hauled himself from the cluster of rocks where he had sheltered Samuels with his body. He eased her to her feet, leading her across to the remnants of a tent. He held a canteen of water to her lips. She clung to him, dazed in that instant.

"How do we get out of here?" she breathed.

"Only one way — we walk."

For a moment her eyes blazed. She held the torn fragments of her jacket to her burned skin. "Walk? With you? Through the jungle? That could take days."

Merrick shivered. "If you like, we could wait here."

Her tone changed. "What for?"

Merrick snarled. "The next train..." *

THE CLOCKWORK CAPER

Continued from page 52

into berries rolling bush, rough hills touched with dry jungle and burnt grass. Some crows were sitting in a dead tree.

"Turn up there," he pointed at the track.

The fat man swung about in his seat, surprised. "Why there? There's nothing..."

Clarke tapped the rattling braw with the gas barrel.

"Yes — yes. Of course." The fat man stammered, his eyes full of fear.

The car jutting off the road onto the bumper track. Wheels, suspension and bodywork whined and shook in protest. Then the car rammed a boulder and stopped. "What the hell?" Clarke muttered.

"Sorry, sorry..." The fat man apologized again and again. Samuels rolled over his lips onto his short front. "I'm not used to driving this fast, and on this kind of road."

"It's not a road," Goochey commented, with a smile.

"You drive, Goochey."

"Okay." He got out and strolled round the back of the Valiant. The fat man shuffled across the seat. Goochey climbed back in, handed his carbine back to Clarke and started the car.

"So, where are we going?" he asked, wrenching the wheel as he

oda-clapped an ochre colored fibres of rock.

"Watch it! Nowhere in particular, just yet. We keep moving, putting as much distance between ourselves and that bank as possible. Then we dump the car somewhere if can't be cash and hoof it."

"Ahh..."

"What about me?" the fat man gasped.

"Don't quite know yet," Clarke answered casually.

"We can't just go on driving."

"Just shut up and let me worry about that."

"But what about me?"

"You shut up as well."

Clarke sat back against the seat again, cursing Roberts. The bloody yellow-streaked galah. Everything was fine. In, out and away. Except he hadn't been there. He shouldn't have crossed him. There was something about that ready smile. Made him nervous and suspicious. But there hadn't been anyone he'd known without him. Once you had him, you were taped. On record. All they had to do was look you up.

* * *

When the arrow started flickering around Empty on the petrol gauge, Clarke began looking for somewhere to leave the car. There were not exactly a lot of places. He eventually spotted a narrow ravine, banked with scrub and putting rock. Goochey drove the Valiant deep into it and pulled up beneath an overhang.

The fat salesman was petrified. Tears had come to his eyes, the rolls of fat on his neck were quivering. Goochey glanced at Clarke questioningly and tilted the Luger.

"No!"

Goochey frowned.

Clarke leaned in through the open door. "Take off your tie," he said. The fat man did so with trembling hands. "Now your belt." Within seconds the belt was dangling in the soft hands. "Now tie your feet together." The fat man frowned. "You can't leave me here."

"Tie your feet."

"No."

"Goochey!" Clarke called.

"All right, all right." The fat man agreed quickly. Bending forward he freed his ankles. Clarke tied his wrists. "I'll make a phone call in 24 hours and let them know where you are."

"Twenty-four..." The strangled words died away.

"It's better than getting shot. And I advise you to stay inside the car. The dogs are hungry this time of the year and you wouldn't exactly be able to move fast."



"Remember, next time, don't drop your shoulder... keep your head down and put more life into it."

He slammed the door shut.

"Why not let him?" Gouchy asked petulantly.

"We wouldn't give anything from us, except a murder charge."

"They wouldn't have to find us."

"Thank! They'd find the car. What you gonna do with that? Burn it at all?"

When darkness fell about them they were still running. Thankfully they rested in its cover.

Scratching hard, Gouchy gasped. "I could do with a schooner now."

"I could do with a nice light June." Clarke hopped the money.

"How much do you reckon is in their?"

Clarke shrugged. "Ten thousand?" He guessed.

Gouchy whistled. Clarke stood up and started running again. Reluctantly Gouchy followed.

A moon rose and cast a sickly light over the bleak heath landscape.

They went on running.

Sometime during the night a small plane went over.

Clarke stopped and peered into the star filled sky. After a long searching gave his spotted the small pin points of light that were just that

little different looking from stars.

"What the fuckin'?" Gouchy asked. Clarke had cracked his shirt. The smell of onion and garlic drifted from his.

"It's them."

"How'd you know?"

Clarke patiently explained. "They're coming."

"What the hell do they expect to see?"

"Headlights."

"Ah?"

"You ever tried thinking?"

"Yeah."

"Good!"

Clarke went on running. Gouchy stumbled after.

The dawn was thinning out the night when they came to the parched paddocks. A rough track led past the water tower and barns to a small old houseboat. Parked in front of the windows was a Holden utility.

"Let's go," Gouchy said in a high excited voice.

Clarke reached out and caught his arm. "Keys?"

"Ah?"

Clarke tapped his index finger against the side of his skull and lifted his eyebrows. Gouchy followed, heavy with fatigue, as Clarke crossed

the parched land to the houseboat. Some checks scattered out of the way. A cockpit lift off the roof. Two big暮 road away from the barn.

The sheer rapped on the four sides as they went up onto the veranda boards. Wood creaked. Clarke hesitated, then went across to the door. It was locked. Turning, he nodded at Gouchy's carburetor. "Hold it behind your back for a minute," he whispered. He did the same and rapped on the floor.

A thin old woman with white hair and ragged clothes answered. Clarke nodded and smiled. "Good," he said cheerfully. She eyed him suspiciously. Reaching out he pushed the door further open. She tried to stop him but she hadn't the strength in her skinny arms. An old man was standing in the shadows.

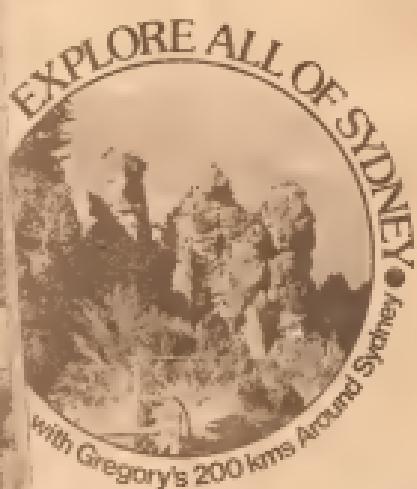
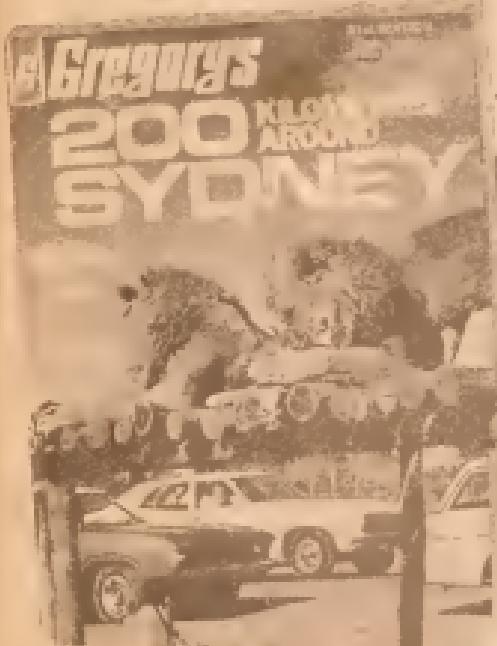
Clarke pulled out the pistol. The old man's eyes opened wide.

"Quiet!" Clarke warned. "And there'll be no trouble."

"What you want?"

"Keys to the six."

The old man fished about in his pocket, dragged out the keys and tossed them on the table. "Now, get out!"



* WHERE TO GO AT WEEKENDS * SUNDAY DRIVE EXCURSIONS * TRIP MAPS, HISTORIC PLACES * SUNDAY DRIVE RESTAURANTS & PICNIC SPOTS, NIGHTSEEING * RUN YOUR OWN CAR RALLY

AVAILABLE FROM PHARMACEUTICAL, BOOKSHOPS AND
CONVENIENCE STORES — OR FROM THE GREGORY'S
MAIL ORDER, 147 CLIFFORD STREET, SYDNEY.



"No, I'm not surprised that my husband's been 'checkin' up with you.' In fact, we were just discussing it . . ."

"Let's have something to eat first."

"Ain't a bloody hotel."
"Something to eat."

The woman turned to the old man without waiting for the man to answer. She stopped some porridge into two tin dishes and then poured two mugs of tea.

"That's the best you can do?"
"Ain't a bloody hotel!"

Clarke sat down on the beach. Lying the Luger on the table top he reached for the spoon and began to eat. Gouchy did the same.

"You know?" Clarke said thoughtfully to Gouchy. "We could both do with a rest."

"Too right!"

"And if we go out in the open, in daylight, there's a good chance of that plane spotting us."

"Yeah."

"So, what if we stay here. What one of us sleeps the other can keep an eye on the old couple. Around about mid-day we can change."

"Yeah," Gouchy said, brightening up.

Not being able to bring himself to far as trusting Gouchy to stay awake first, he decided to stay up till mid-day. "You just put your head down, mate. I'll give you a shake later."

window. His eyes closed when he saw the police. As the two robbers watched, a police chopper came in load in a cloud of dust.

"GOUCHY, CLARKE!"

Clarke stiffened in astonishment.
"How do they know our names?"

"COME OUT!"

"How the hell do they know our names?" Gouchy hung his head in guilt. "I lied," he said quietly.

"What?"

"I lied."

"What the hell d'ya mean?"

"GOUCHY, CLARKE! COME ON OUT!"

"When you mind if I'd done time?"

"Asshhh Nooo!" Clarke screamed. In a sudden fit of anger he rotated the muzzle up under the big man's chin. Then out of the corner of his eye he saw the old man moving again. He lowered the barrel and squeezed the trigger. The bullet smashed into the wood and the old man sprang back as if attached to a spring.

"I said stay there," Clarke yelled.
"What for?" he asked, turning to Gouchy. Gouchy hastened, before noticing, "Burglary!"

"Jesus!"

It had happened, his worst nightmare. They had pinned him down with noise and all. Even if he got away they would know him.

They'd had Gouchy off site. The bank staff would have packed his ugly face out of the mug shots. The cops would then have traced Gouchy's last movements. That would have taken them to the factory and there they had learned about him, Clarke.

"You baird," he growled venomously. So, what was it? What had he done? Armed robbery. He'd looked after the fat man. That might help. It could be 10 years made.

He stood up. "Well . . ." he sighed with resignation.

"No!" Gouchy reached out and poked him down.

"Hey, look . . ." Clarke tried to explain. "We can't get away. So we have to take what comes and count our losses."

"NO!"

"OK! So I know I'll go harder for you, your barges done come already and all. But you don't have to drop me long."

"NO!" Gouchy was adamant, shaking his head wildly. "We can't go out."

"I can."

"DO YOU WANT TO KILL AGAIN?"

Clarke froze. A frown crossed his brow. Again?

"YOU MIGHT GET OUT AFTER 10 YEARS BUT NOT IF YOU KILL A COP!"

"What's he talking about?" Clarke asked, dropping down beside Gouchy again.

Gouchy was shaking his head and he was about to break up. "She was going to press the alarm. She thought I was kidding when I said I'd shoot her!"

"Who?" Clarke asked heatedly.

"The girl. At the moment I had to shoot her."

Clarke sank to the floor. He was trembling all over. "Oh, no!" He stared bleakly at the money bag. So that's what the shot really was. How did he manage it? To arrange such a perfect job with such a bloody awful couple! First Robins and now Gouchy!

Gouchy suddenly launched himself to his knees and fired a wild shot through the window. None was returned. Then he stood up. "I'm not going back. I'm not!" He walked quickly across the floor to the table. He glanced at the terrified old couple as he snatched up the keys. "I'm not going back!" he told them. They cringed.

He walked quickly to the door. Holding the carbine at the ready he yanked the door open and rushed out. There was a few seconds silence broken only with shoes tapping on boards. Then a car door opened. Suddenly the bush was filled with the sound of gunfire. The engine roared and died. And the gunfire died away.

Clarke went on staring at the money bag for a long time. Then he weakly lifted his head and smiled at the terrified couple. They shrank back.

"It's okay," he said, standing up. First he threw out the bag, and then his gun.

"All right, all right!" he called, as he walked through the door. Gouchy was stretched out, covered in blood and torn apart. His eyes were already sparkling around him. Clarke shifted a routine sadness and looked up.

They all came racing towards him. He was grabbed, handcuffed and dragged to the waiting chopper. As he was bundled into the passenger dome he caught a glimpse of the fat man. The fat man was talking to a sergeant. His voice was low and cocked and it carried well. Clarke heard him saying, "They were going to kill me. Both of them. But they decided they didn't want to use the bullets. They thought I would start crying. Lucky you saw the sun flaring on the roof of my car. A real couple of bastards they . . ."

THE CHEESEBOX THAT SHOOK THE WORLD

Continued from page 23

had no ships and only 300 ex naval officers to recruit and train locals as fighting seamen. They got on with it.

When Virginia seceded from the Union the Union Navy was forced to get out of the important Norfolk Dockyard. Before leaving, Union men set fire to a large frigate that was at dock and could not be removed. USS Merrimack was burnt to the decks and mast, but she was repairable and the South needed what it could get.

Southern engineers and sailors started work rebuilding the hulk. But meanwhile, things didn't look good for the Confederacy.

By the autumn of 1861 Union squadrons were blockading every Southern port, although the blockade was never tight enough to stop all supply ships getting in or out.

The Confederacy began a plan designed to force the Union to pull some of its ships away. The idea was to buy fast merchant ships — and warships, if possible — from overseas and use them as ocean raiders. It was hoped the idea would cause the

Union to be forced to send warships to protect its trade — and weaken the blockade.

The idea of the fast ocean raider was not new, but the US Civil War was the first time that circumstances had been used in the role, and the lesson was not lost on the Germans who used the idea with telling effect in World Wars I and II.

The naval war was two-pronged. Both at sea — along the coasts — the Union and Southern ships squared at each other and battled when the odds were right and sometimes when they were not, inland the mighty US rivers became battlegrounds, with picturesque river paddle steamers pressed into service as "naval" vessels.

Control of the Mississippi was vital for both sides. The river and its many tributaries were navigable for thousands of miles, and boats on the river system could carry whole armies to both sides of a battle line.

Control of the big rivers was an integral part of the Anaconda Plan of General Scott, and southern leaders knew and expected it. They planned to be ready for a land invasion down the Mississippi as well as a naval attack up the river from the Gulf of Mexico.



"How you dress away from the office, Webkin, is none of my business, but . . ."



"Admit it, Mary . . . you've been with me?"

In control of the mouth of the river was Southern naval commander G. N. Hollis. He planned well with what he had.

Knowing he had too few ships to fight the North in a conventional battle he cast about for ways to even the imbalance. His major ships were old and slow but he had available a small, tough little ironclad.

Confederate engineers converted the little ship into the first armored steamer in the world. Renamed CSS Mississippi, this small ship became a iron. She was fitted with an iron bow projecting ahead of her bow underwater. Her cabin and other superstructure above water was covered with a heavy layer of iron. To give her even more fighting power she was fitted with a short barrelled 9-in gun facing forward.

Like all ironclads CSS Mississippi had her problems. Her strong log engine had been designed for tug use, not to drag around the armored hull like beast of burden, half swash and needling speed to attack. The engines were slow, and Mississippi could not twist and turn quickly, but she was an oil-burning craft and one which the Northern ships would not understand and perhaps see late.

The Union blockade of four ships was at anchor near the mouth of the river near the Head of the Passes, where the river divides into several channels to the sea. Late on October 11, 1861, CSS Mississippi made her move. Slipping down the river in the dark she crashed into the Union flagship, USS Richmond. At the same time a number of fire rafts were cast adrift from upstream.

The Union flagship had to be raced around to save her from沉没, one other ship ran aground in the confusion and the other two ships headed for the sea. Mississippi

was in strife too. Her unarmored bow was bent, and she had to limp back upstream for hurried repairs.

CSS Mississippi had won the first round of the sea fight for the南, and Southern engineers hurriedly prepared for other fights.

Southern pride was only half Union panache was assembled up-river. Mississippi was left to keep the front door closed while the rest of Hollis' squadron went up-river to fight at the back door.

River battles measured each war with pyrotechnics and hand-armed forts all playing their part, as the desperate Southerners strove to overcome technological superiority with sheer guts.

Bigger things were happening near the river's mouth. The South had expected that the North would be more cautious after the drubbing given by the Mississippi, but they were wrong. New Union naval forces were sent into the area under a tough old warrior, Commodore David Farragut.

Farragut was 60 and had been in the navy for just over 50 years. He had fought in the war of 1812, and was now given the chance to top his career — or ruin it.

About 23 miles upriver and about 80 miles downstream from the new port of New Orleans were two tough Confederate forts. Fort Jackson was on the east bank and Fort St. Philip on the west. Situated in swampy land, the forts could not be attacked by land troops, and they had a combined battery of more than 100 heavy guns — if attackers could get past the deflected log boom downstream.

Above the forts was a small Southern fortress led by the diminutive and doughty Mississippi, with a dozen or so small fast gunboats.

Nearing completion but still not ready was a bigger, tougher Mississipi,

the ironclad CSS Louisiana, with heavy guns and an armored shell — and heavy enough to botocce Northern guns fire.

The monster was considered big enough to take on the whole Northern force, if she could be flushed in time.

Knowing the Louisiana was nearly completion Farragut acted quickly. He used small ships carrying marines to lob heavy shells into the two forts, while his bigger craft tried to smash the bar.

Makeweight armor for her wooden warships was improvised by Farragut by hanging anchor chain over the sides.

Ironclad Louisiana, without her engine, was brought down by the Southerners in Parrot and a small ship to smash the boom. Parrot's 16 ships then poured through the gap as Southern defenders ripped into them with everything they had. The Confederate ships joined in.

The veteran fighter Mississippi ran after ram at the Union ships but her weak engines and the strong current placed her at a disadvantage against the faster if less armored attackers, and although she hit several ships she gave only glancing blows and every attack cost her great punishment. Finally Mississippi burst into flames and drifting downstream, out of control, the gallant little ironclad blew up and sank.

Fire rafts pushed by tugs were the next card from the Southern pack. An unarmed tug bravely pushed the burning blockade towards the attacker. Farragut's flagship USS Hartford ran aground trying to get out of the way. The focus concentrated on Hartford while the big steelfaced fire raft sparred its wooden side.

But, at daybreak things looked bad for the South. More than a dozen of the Union ships had got through, although all were damaged. One Union ship was sunk and three others had to turn back. None of the Southern ships were sunk and two had remained alive. CSS Louisiana had played little part in the fight as she could not swim, and her crew never let her up to make sure she was not captured.

With New Orleans now in Union hands things were bad for the South and northern ports no better than at the Chesapeake Bay, where the city of Richmond was cut off from the sea. The main Confederate army in Northern Virginia needed Richmond for supplies and industrial back-up.

Hampton Roads, at the entrance to Chesapeake Bay, was held by a

strong Union force and the South decided every effort must be made to open the gate.

When the Union forces abandoned the Norfolk Navy Yard in April, 1861 they scuttled the steam frigate USS Merrimack. But they didn't do a thorough job and her hull and rigging were repairable. Confederate Navy Secretary Mallory ordered her raised, repaired and converted — mainly! She would be an armoured ram — a bigger, much more formidable version of the Monitor which had done such good work earlier.

By March, 1862 the work was done. Renamed CSS Virginia, the rebuilt ship was a thing to awe the unwary. The lofty rig of a steam frigate was gone. In its place heavy walls of oak stood at an angle above a deck which had been altered almost to the waterline. The walls were covered with iron plates 100 mm thick. Narrow openings in this bulkhead were cut to allow guns to fire. Ten heavy guns were sited to cover the whole area around the ship. A heavy iron ram was attached to the bow of the prehistoric-like floating terror.

But, like all improvisations, there were, once again, drawbacks. When

the Union sank the ship the engineers were badly shocked and confusion had occurred. The South has no capability of replacing weakened parts and could only repair and hope for the best. The new design too, was much heavier than the old ship had been, and with all the extra weight CSS Virginia was able to steam only about 5 knots, for a short while. To make her even more unwieldy she drew nearly 3 m of water and could not get into the shallows.

Virginia's commander was Commodore Franklin Buchanan, an experienced naval man who well knew just what depended on the success of the Virginia. Although known as CSS Virginia, the ship seems to have gone down in naval history under her original name Merrimack, and so there is sometimes some confusion here.

Commanding the Union squadron, which included two big wooden warships, was Commodore Louis Goldsborough. In his command were the 50 gun frigates Minnesota and Roanoke — one-time sisters of Merrimack. His other ships were pure sailing ships — good enough in the open sea but in danger in those confined waters.

Two of Goldsborough's force were at anchor under Union batteries — the others were bottling up a Southern squadron further away.

Goldsborough knew of the threat from Virginia/Merrimack and had planned to handle her, but he made one mistake. He expected the new ship would be given a trial run and was not too concerned when told she was moving for the first time.

When Merrimack steamed into Hampton Roads for the first time she caught the Union ships unprepared. All Union ships had their sails furled and the steamships did not have steam raised — a tactical error of the first degree.

Tugs were called to move the Union ships as the crowding monitor backed its way across the bay to them.

Buchanan headed his ship straight for Congress and Cumberland. At full speed he ploughed past the Union fleet, whose shells bounced off his ship for 15 minutes without hurting her at all.

With a massive crash the Southern ship smashed into the wooden side of USS Cumberland, which began to sink immediately. She sank so fast that she tore off the armored

BONANZA ADULT SEX BOOK SELLOUT

Lessons in Lasciviousness
The Wholesome Hooker
Arabian Rendez-vous
Temperatures Hot
Love in Sex & Pictures (Fully illustrated)

PLUS

4 more titles previously banned now totally uncensored.

Shop price \$23.90

Special sell out price — all 9 books only \$7.00 postage paid.

TROPIC MAIL ORDER CO.

BOX 4392, G.P.O. SYDNEY, 2001

Please send me the above nine books.

I am over 18.

I enclose \$7.00 in Cash Cheque P.O.

Signature _____

Name _____

Address _____

Postcode _____

AUSTRALIA

two wheels magazine
keeps you
astride latest developments, in
the trade, on the road and at
sporting events.

every Month from newsagents

Lonely People?

Not anymore with Karina International Friendship and Matrimony Service. Send 50 cents in stamps and self-addressed stamped envelope for Karina's Lonely People's Magazine, which contains photos and particulars. State age and sex.

Karina I. F. & M. Service,
Post Office Box 153,
Berowra, Vic. 3155, Aust.



"What I really want is someண्णियाल दिग्गज... talk dirty to me."

nam as she went, thus, in her dying throw, removing one of the major weapons of the Southern ship.

As Cumberland went down the USS Congress was slowly heading towards shallower water with a tug swinging every storm pipe. Buchanan swung his ponderous command and headed after the fleeing ship, his forward guns pointing at her and the tug. Congress grounded in shallow water — just a little further astern than Merrimack could go but well within gun range.

At less than 200 m range the Southern ship pounded Congress to a pulp. Congress struck her colors and surrendered, no longer able to fire a gun, and not having put a scratch on the armored hide of her vanquisher.

A Confederate boarding party tried to take over the grounded ship with the idea of having Merrimack tow her away as a prize, but a last fury from the shore injured many, including Buchanan, who led the party.

Buchanan was furious at losing a ship that had surrendered to him by redefinition but retreated to his floating fort. Red-hot shells were loaded into his guns and Congress was reduced to a pile of ashes.

Meanwhile the three remaining Union ships were getting away — but all three too speedily. Two were close under the main guns of a fort and could not be attacked without too much risk to the lone Southern ship. One was well away by herself. Minnesota was ready for the pincers.

But Buchanan, with the tide running out quickly, was reluctant to risk his deep-drafted ship. He decided to wait for the morning's high tide.

He waited too long; attacking and taking the tide would have won the battle. As it was Buchanan won the fight and the day, but lost the battle.

In agony from his injury Buchanan turned command of his ship over to his second in command to bring her home, confident that on the morrow he would be able to win the day again.

The Confederates were in high spirits; they had dealt the hated Union a savage blow when the tide had been turning; perhaps it was not too late to win the war?

With the blockade broken overseas trade could be resumed, Cotton could be exported, new munitions and supplies could be imported — the war might yet be won, but Merrimack left without clearing the field and so doing, lost the war!

Merrimack was heavily although not vitally damaged, her funnel was gone, all exposed woodwork had been shot away but, except for a few dents, her armor was intact.

At the jubilant crew of Merrimack/Virginia worked their votitons up the James River. A Union tugboat was laboriously paddling towards Fort Monroe, dragging what looked like a cotton reel on a small raft. The raft was so low that in open bay-type seas it looked as if the tug were towing an army pillock on a string.

This strange-looking craft was Merrimack's Nemesis and, although no one could know it then, the end of the war for the South. The seaward-looking vessel, the direct successor of all modern warships, was the Monitor — an unorthodox warship of a new and radical type — and the answer to the South's up-till-now improvements and ingenuity.

When the North first heard of the Merrimack conversion they had no blockade, and the Monitor had given them reason to wonder what would come next and how to combat it.

Whatever the answer was it had to be now! Whatever it was the ship must be able to fight the blockade, beat them and be built as almost as thin as all, or the blockade would fail.

A Swedish-American inventor John Ericsson had the answer; a plan submitted some time earlier to the Naval Board seemed to show the way. With little ado, showing how fast帆船 can sail when it has to, Ericsson's gun raft was ordered into production.

The ship's keel was laid in October, 1861 and the ship was afloat in the following January. When completed the weird vessel had a freeboard above water of only 0.3 m in calm waters. The exposed part of the hull was 31.82 m long (not quite as long as a Manly ferry) and was 12 m wide. The deck and various superstructures were covered with heavy iron plates to glaze shells off. The keel was only 3 m below the waterline which meant the ship could work in shallow waters. Sitting on the waterline of the hull and about two-thirds of the way forward, was a simple gun turret, 3 m high and 6 m in diameter. Inside the structure were two guns on a gun carriage that could be revolved — it was the first revolving gun turret. A steam engine below the turret turned the two 11 m guns.

Apart from the turret only one other object atop the deck stood clear to attract attention. This was a small, heavily armored structure for the commander and the helmsman to sit in. A small slot was all they were allowed and from here this new weapon of war — akin in the 1860s to the ballistic missile of the 1960s — was fought.

As the sun arose over Hampton Roads on March 9, 1862 Merrimack/Virginia slogged forth to do battle once more. Her injured men had been replaced and Lt Jones was now in command, the two guns that had been damaged had been repaired during the night as Southern engineers worked furiously.

IF YOU EVER WANTED TO WIN AT THE TRACK NOW YOU CAN

By C. J. Slater

For some time I've been looking for someone who knows what it's all about and is constantly beating the odds.

All I found was the know nothing eager to sell their knowledge, and those truly knowing who wouldn't part with it.

For example, some time ago I sent \$20 to a mail order house that offered a sure fire way to win at the track. For twenty bucks, all I got was a piece of paper that gave those short stories by LG of Syd, who says "Thanks a million for your system, I'm now rich" and JD of Melb who says "Your racing system has made me a fortune." By the time I got through reading all those testimonials, I was counting my millions, and what do you think it was? Boiled down to simple language, it said back the favourite in each race to place. For \$20 I got something that insulted my common sense.

I had just about given up my search for a way of beating the horses, when I met Mr. French, and I'm going to tell you some interesting things about him that may change your life.

But I have a problem. How do I convince you he has discovered the greatest handicapping method ever devised to enable you to be a consistent winner? I realise these are strong words, but the evidence indicates that Keith is Australia's greatest handicapper, bar none!

I was utterly staggered to see mounds of proof that he had beaten the odds.

I invested \$500 of my own money to bet on the horses. In one month, it sky rocketed to over \$1,200.

I'd found the man I was looking for. Keith is a graduate of the college of "hard knocks" who has devoted years to serious research on horse racing.

He has devised a method that continually allows the punter to show a profit from horse racing. This method is called the MASTER PLAN.

You all know that for years people have been searching for the perfect system. Many claim to have found it, but you know and I know that it has never happened. I am not trying to tell you the Master Plan is perfect. What I am going to tell you is that with the Master Plan you will show a consistent and substantial profit from horse racing, and what's more, I am prepared to back up my claims with a gilt-edged double guarantee.

GUARANTEE No. 1

Review the system first. If for any reason at all you don't like it, or believe it won't live up to the claims made, then mail it back within seven days and I will refund your money in full, no questions asked.

GUARANTEE No. 2

You must win at least \$1,000 the first year of using the Master Plan, or it won't cost you a cent. Mail it back with your record sheets, and I will refund your money in full.

The MASTER PLAN can be operated by anyone. It's the same method Keith French himself uses. Apply the rules, do your quick calculations and there it is, your selection. A horse you can back with complete confidence. But that's not all.

Keith introduces a brand new concept in money management. So powerful, it can turn losses into profit. Sounds incredible? It is! By combining this miraculous technique with the selection

method, You will be so cool into having a winning day, day after day.

No guesswork, no payment, decisions, no excuses any more. Just pure, exact answers and you will finally have made it. Think about it, you will be making money playing the horses. Did you ever think you would? To those of you who think that one making money playing the Roiles would never part with his knowledge, I say to you that Keith French is the one living exception. He's got the roses beaten, yet is willing to share his findings. Why?

First: He will enjoy profits from royalties without lifting a finger. Second: Your success will not interfere with his.

Third: Perhaps after enough Master Plans are sold, Keith French will gain the recognition he so richly deserves. In closing, I would just like to say that if you are looking for a guaranteed consistent way of making money from horse racing, then the Master Plan is for you. It doesn't matter how many systems you have bought in the past, the Master Plan has to be better in every way, or it won't cost you a cent. But don't take my word for it, prove its worth yourself when you complete and mail the coupon below. Try it! If I'm wrong you've lost a few minutes of your time and an 11c stamp, but what if I'm right?

SWORN STATEMENT
I CERTIFY THAT EVERY STATEMENT MADE IN THIS AD BY C. J. SLATER IS 100% TRUE.

KEITH FRENCH

MR. C. J. SLATER, DIRECTOR, SUITE 2-307, BOTANIC CHAMBERS, NTH. T.C., ADELAIDE, 5000.

Dear C.J.,

Please send me Keith French's Master Plan for which I enclose \$35, as full and final payment on conditional double guarantee.

NAME

ADDRESS

P.C.

The Confederates were confident; they did not know of the arrival of the Monitor, nor of the frantic preparations carried on through the night as the "Champagne on a shingle" ready for the morning.

At 7 am on March 9, 1862, Merrimack headed across the Bay, her crew in no doubt wondering what strange vessel she was meeting, but not worried too much by a ship with so little obvious offensive power. Merrimack's smaller attendant guns boats stood away as Lt Worden brought Monitor over towards Merrimack. Worden held his fire to give the greatest effect, and it was Jones in Merrimack who fired first. As Merrimack's five gun broadside blazed around him, Worden coolly stopped Monitor's engines, allowed his gun crew to sight, and ordered fire. Two 11 in. guns blasted smoke and flame and two great iron cannoneballs hurtled through the air to smash against the armored sides of the ironclad - and boomed!

Worden repeated the dose every seven minutes - the time it took his crack gun crew to load the cumbersome, muzzle-loading guns and ram them out through the ports ready to fire again.

The action was not one-sided, Merrimack could fire a full broadside

every 15 minutes - up to seven guns at a time and she was hitting the champion. Merrimack still had no funnel and the loss of natural draft to her furnaces slowed her to the extent that she was able to move only very slowly and not manoeuvre at all. Additionally, Merrimack had little ammunition left after the battle of the day before - she had used most of it sinking the two Union ships - but Monitor's magazines were fully stocked and her crew were relatively fresh.

Scrabbly Jones decided that hammering at the Monitor was counter-productive. He headed once more for the grounded Merrimack, knowing his fire could harass that ironclad and sink her.

On the way, harassed but not hurt by the Monitor, Merrimack ran aground, and as she floated off so too did the Minnesota, whose frantic crew had been sparing no effort to get her off.

Jones turned back to his more nimble antagonist, Monitor, which had been chasing him in the mistakes belief the Confederates were running away.

Jones tried to ram Worden but with little steam and with his guns misaligned he struck only a glancing blow and Monitor survived. To his

dying day Jones believed he would have sunk the Union ship if he still had his ram, so Cumberland went back in vain.

Jones concentrated his fire on Monitor's oft-named conning tower. Shot after shot smashed against the small section and splinters soon burst through the skin, buzzing around the armored mate and injurying Worden in the eyes.

With Monitor obviously out of control, it lost for the moment (Worden thought his hand-wound was faint and told his helmsman who he must do if he died) and with his man and his armament almost exhausted, Jones turned for home.

The first battle between armored ships was over. Neither had been seriously harmed although Monitor would probably have been if Merrimack's ram and funnel had been intact at the beginning of the fray.

When Merrimack was overwhelmed it was found she had 99 heavy down at her arrows, 20 more than she had after her previous day's action.

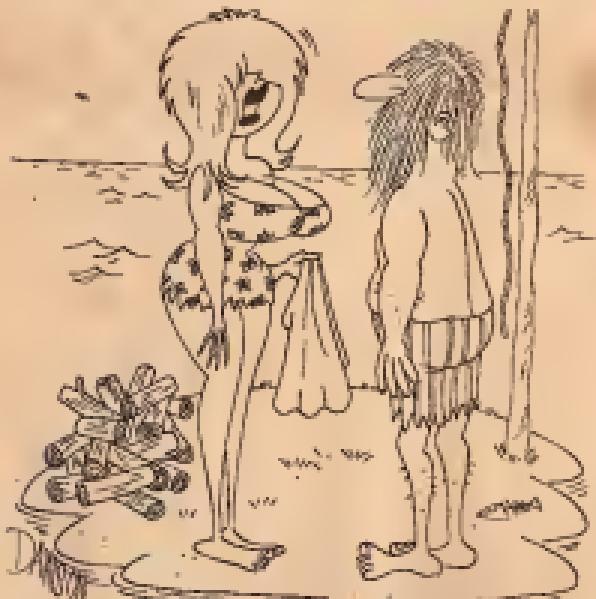
Who won the fight has never been agreed. The South feels that Monitor was beaten when she moved into shallow water to get clear of Merrimack after Worden was injured. The North claims that Virginia/Merrimack suffered the most damage (not considering it had mostly occurred the day before).

If neither ship won the fight Monitor certainly won the battle. Merrimack did not lift the straggling blockade and her crew above had to burn her to stop the encroaching Union Army from taking her.

With Hampton Roads the property of the Union the South was done. The war dragged on and many more actions were fought both in American waters and further afield, but weight of numbers and technology, as epitomized by USS Monitor, was to win the civil war.

Monitor was not to last long after her great fight. While being towed north once more she sank in heavy weather off Cape Hatteras, but she was soon replaced by almost a flood of improved versions - many of which were seaworthy enough to make limited coastal passages.

The Australian State of Victoria soon ordered an improved version, HMVS Cerberus, and that ship, delivered in 1870, was for some years the world's most powerful warship. The bulk of Cerberus, direct descendant of USS Monitor and fitting from just one year later, still exists. The bulk is aground at Black Rock in Port Phillip Bay and the massive guns, of a type not available those on Monitor, are still aboard.



"Let's see if I have this straight . . . if we sight a ship, I run up this distress flag, light the pile of driftwood and take off my dress so we can get in one more before we're rescued!"

THE ROARING KILLING

Continued from page 42

the bands of bedding sheep and sighted the cook fire through the towering dusk, his face was set and expressionless again.

By nine o'clock next morning ragged thunder was rolling over Little Niemano Peak again and the sheep were approaching Bobo Canyon. Lanyard drew rein in the canyon mouth while eight of his tattered gunners rode broadly on toward the tall fence, two miles further.

Half a mile down the mountain the first sheep were crowding into sight.

Scarcers and two tally men were waiting there. The eight hired sheep guards sat their horses in an uncertain, restless group.

Between Lanyard's eight riders and the tall fence, across the narrow canyon, was an advance barrier of seven riders. Lanyard counted them rapidly as he rode up. Seventeen. All were armed.

Rock Loring, solid and grim, was here. So was according Nances Kennedy with one arm in a sling —

and old Shadwell Jones and his son Dan. There were other neighbors — Peter Starling, Boston Stevens, usually so droll as his name but now hard and watchful. And others, all waiting in grave silence.

Lanyard jerked his head sharply. "Did you want us to tackle all of them, Lanyard?"

Lanyard rode between the groups without reply, and politely addressed the waiting line.

"Maybe it isn't known that I'm bringing Harry sheep through here this morning."

Nances Kennedy started to speak violently, but old Shadwell Jones beat him to it.

"We heard somethin' like that, Tom. Too bad we got here fast to steady the scenery. Pretty, isn't it?" Shadwell cracked one eye slant at the gathering clouds.

The tense quiet had a heavy quality, gathering, tightening.

Lanyard nodded grimly. "I admire the beauty in your soil, Shadwell. And I know where you can see a heap more scenery very easily."

"Wouldn't think of troubling you. We like it here," Shadwell refused. His hand crept nearer his holstered

gun. Lanyard raised his voice. "Seaside, it's your duty to admit my sheep past that fence!"

"I'm waitin' here to tally 'em in," the government man replied indifferently. "My authority stops at the fence line."

Thunder rolled again in the distance. Nances Kennedy challenged softly. "Try an' get 'em to the fence!"

"Never mind. Keep watchin' the scenery, Nances." Shadwell Jones reproved.

The murmur of the advancing sheep was louder. A galloping horse drummed through the sound. Lanyard looked. His throat contracted as he saw Kay Hartley approaching.

Her face was anxious and troubled as she stopped her horse mere abreast of him. "You're having trouble, Tom?"

"Not much. You need riding out of the canyon and waiting for me, Kay?"

Wide-eyed and uncertain, Kay looked about. She read the signs.

"They're not going to turn out sheep back to — to die, Tom?"

Lanyard nodded reassuringly. " Didn't I tell you I'd get 'em to grass?" As soon as this little argument



LONELY HEARTS MAGAZINE

— why be single and lonely? the 11 digest you receive the magazine with hundreds of photos and descriptions, also two biographical profiles suggested and a personal photo of a suitable girl. All an expense — dollar refunded after return of photo, they will negotiate very to meet the right partner. Write to:

MODERN WORLD

P.O. Box 4038-B, S.P.O., Sydney, N.S.W., 2001
(Mention your age)

Discover SCANDINAVIA

Through a true
Scandinavian
friends association!

- You will find:
 - marriage
 - penfriends
 - or to share
your holidays

Write for information
and 100 photos. Free
by airmail!

BCI Box 23124 -
104-22 Stockholm, Sweden



ADULT FILMS & MAGAZINES

Obtained from world-wide sources. Wholesale prices available and "big savings" on large orders.

Sample Prices:	Magazines	B/W Films	Color Films	Books
	Aus. \$6.00	Aus. \$20.00	Aus. \$40.00	Aus. \$8.00

Lists / Catalogues sent free: Aus. \$2.00.

Write to: PRESTIGE PROMOTIONS, 15 Clifton Gardens,
London N.15 England

"I'm going to fly this through."

Down the aisle, the outside Kay moved over here. Lanyard looked up. "Sir, I have given to my men orders saying that Cliff Davis is free."

He nodded with a started smile at her. "I rock so afraid of them it's like I wish to men to help you, but I suggested bringing them up now instead of later with his own sheep. He had on that." Kay said with a definite look at the gun bag of armed men. "That they might be dead."

Lanyard's voice sounded queer, choked. "Later - with his sheep? What do you mean?"

"Mean? Tom, you sound queer! You - you look queer. Here's Cliff! He'll tell you."

Davis took in the situation as he rode up. "We seem to have gotten here just in time, eh, Lanyard?"

"Kay said something about your sheep." Lanyard had never realised how much he disliked that white-tail rascal.

"That's right. After you and Davis set a permit, I managed to get one, too. I'm bringing part of my herd over after yours. We'll work along the - as the -"

Lanyard turned toward the gas-powered engine. "Seattle, you didn't see Mr. Davis got a permit, too?"

"I thought you knew it," Seattle bit back. "A dozen others are fighting for permits, too. Hanley broke the ice. After you got a permit, they meant to follow."

"Did they now?" Lanyard heard himself saying in a choked voice. "Here's my permit, Seattle?" He tore the permit, and dropped the pieces. Then he called, "Dawson! Take your men off this bank!"

Kay cried, "Tom! Are you crazy?"

"Just getting some, Kay!"

Cliff Davis lunged angrily. "So you lost your nerve, eh? Well, I haven't! Let those sheep come on! I'll see them through!"

Lanyard drew his six-shooter. "Dawson, you heard me!"

"Tom!" Kay cried furiously. "If you're afraid, let Cliff handle that!"

"Keep out of this, Kay! Dawson, damn you, man!"

Dawson hunched uncomfortably. "You forced us Lanyard. Your money talk. I guess your orders go home on, boy!"

They galloped off.

Cliff Davis opened his mouth, then closed it silently. He looked at Kay, pale, dismayed. Bling his lips Kay's song more danced nervously, unshaded the scene.

In a shaking voice, Kay said. "Come on, Cliff! Let's get away from this - country."

The frightened sheep were edging up the canyon sides, crowding back before the riders and barking dogs. Slowly the trail began to climb down the canyon, Cliff Davis, his men and Kay following.

Behind Lanyard, Shadwell Jones spoke quietly. "I've got a place on my ranch - for a cowman. Any time."

Lanyard rode off without looking back. He rode down the canyon above the oblong tide of sheep which the year would not roll down on the San Pedro grass. Inside he left dead Thunder pealed out loud, and its mocking prance held no meaning.

"It's over," he thought. "She... marry him now."

Then from his slow walking horse he saw Kay waiting at the canyon mouth, alone. A faint hope stirred within him and died as he rode near and saw her shiny face. Stopping beside the worn mare, Lanyard said all he could say. It was only, "I'm sorry, Kay."

Detect NUGGETS or COINS

or the Gold or Silver Super Detector COINMASTER 3

G.I.S. Rated Detector with Mark Cad. Tone. Automatically detects both gold and large silver!

calibrated to
WEIGHTS 1111111111



Designed to detect
silver, gold, silver, mixed gold,
or silver nuggets and pieces



A GOLD 1111111111
A complete working system for Detecting &
Detector model found a record 44 oz gold
nugget in Mt. Argent, W.A., April, 1970.



Scuba Diving



Underwater Mining



Nearly 40 models from about \$100 up, including
Scuba Diving and Underwater salvage models.
Write us for FREE catalogue.

HENDON DETECTOR COMPANY
Box 188A, Avalon Beach, N.S.W. 2107.
Phone (STD 92) 918-6667

EUROPEAN BOOKS, SLIDES, PHOTOS, SUPER 8 MOVIES

Please forward \$2 for further information
for adults only, and interesting catalogue
magazine to:

BEDMATE PRODUCTS
P.O. BOX 524, GOSFORD, 2250

"HI THERE!"

LADIES & GENTLEMEN

How would you like to join us and meet THE PARTNER of your life? We have many ladies and gentlemen seeking for someone like YOU. The many letters we receive from interested members prove that we operate our FRIENDSHIP-MARRIAGE-ORGANISATION very successfully.

WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR?

Only one letter can change your whole life.

Write for confidential free ILLUSTRATED INFORMATION to

ANITAS
P.O. Box 29
Ormond, Vic. 3230, Australia.
Phone 6010 25 and 3398





"I'd like them insured. They contain a small fortune in silicon."

Kay arched scornfully. "So you're sorry, Tom? Sorry your presents were bad? You're sorry you've wiped us out?" Kay's voice shook. "Well, I'm sorry, too! Sorry I ever listened! Sorry we overknew you."

"Kay — please!"

"But I'm glad, too!" Kay said coldly. "Glad there'll be no more lies, no more promises to be broken, no more of you around — ever! If I were a man, I'd shoot you, you miserable cowards!"

"Well?" Laryard called roughly as he rose from around to face Kay again coldly. "Well?"

"I was beaten when Rock sent word he needed me," Laryard said. "The helplessness was the only thing that could have made me run sheep. Rock and dad were always close. Rock helped me out in a couple of tight spots. So I took him sheep, an' did the best I could without pay."

"If you went back wages now?"

"Shut up!" Laryard said furiously. "Look at the sheep country below us. It's gassed out! The sheep were forced onto the high pasture before the snow was off. That's gone now, because the rains held off. It's just as dry on the other side, but there's grass. That's why the San Pedro sheepherders never let a sheep get on their side of these mountains."

"I've heard that story all my life!" Kay flung back bitterly.

"You heard it because the sheep range was going and the new range wasn't! That government grass on the other side is what carries the valley cattle through the summer grazing. They count on it."

"Sheep have as much right to it! A few sheep won't hurt it!"

"A few sheep. That's what I tried to tell myself. Rock's sheep — just the one pasture. But I know it was a lie, an' I went ahead anyway."

turned against everything I was raised to believe, because you Basque needed me. I turned against my friends — got myself despised, threatened, shot at. I was all set to start a range war, to see my friends killed. All because of your damned sheep!"

"They had no right to stop us!" Kay said angrily.

"No right!" Laryard shouted. "Hell, they had all the right! Everything they were afraid of happened! Every sheepman on this side of the mountains jumped for my coat tails and fled to ride through to the San Pedro grass on what I was doing. I sold out my friends and my convictions, and that was bad enough. But you and Rock and Cliff Davis sold me out! You took what I was doing for Rock an' gave it to every greedy sheepman on the range! And then you called me coward when I stood against it!"

"I was fool enough to think I was in love with you!" Laryard continued passionately. "But not now! Marry your fancy sheepman an' sit eye to eye with him the rest of your life! If you get runs, your sheep'll pull through. If you try to bring 'em

over on the other side, God help you! Goodbye!"

A louder peal of thunder drowned the last word as Laryard yanked his horse around and galloped back into the canyon.

Thunder was rolling again when Kay's sorrel mare caught up with him and crowded him to a stop. Kay was silently crying.

"Tom! How could you ever think I'd marry Cliff Davis? You're home, you're fine! How could I know how it all looked to you? I — I've never in my life been a cowman!"

Laryard swept her over to his saddle and held her close.

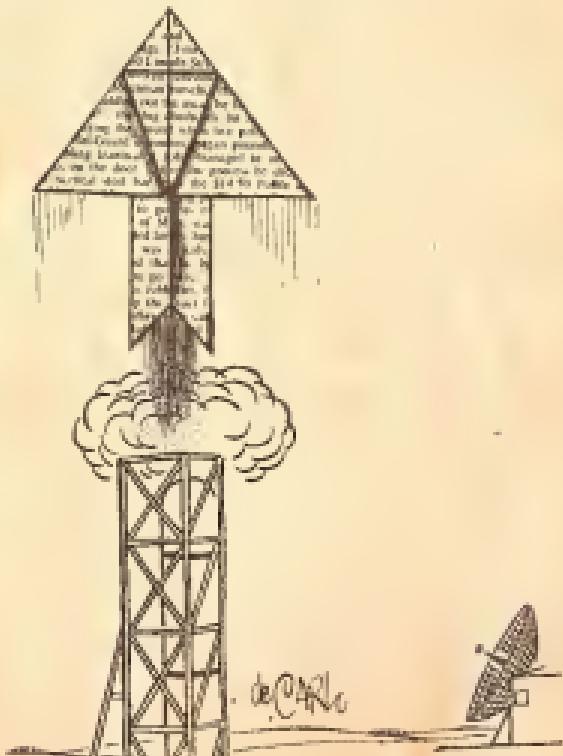
It was some moments before Kay could speak again — this time against his old leather seat. "Tom, dear, are you crying, too?"

Laryard held his hand into the first wild blast of wind off the peaks, and silently chuckled.

"That was a raindrop. The sun's coming. We'd better get to cover."

Kay sighed without interest. "Just as you say — Cowman!"

Laryard kissed her. "Say it again," he begged. "Cowman! I like it that way." — END





BILLBOARD
DAILY TRADE GUIDE







THE SQUAD

Continued from page 48

Wilson had that effect on me somehow. He'd prepared me for the dirty little action we knew was ahead of us.

I'd got used to the killing. At first it bothered me, that blood pleading for mercy in the eyes of the beaten. Sometimes they'd even put it into words, desperately begging even while knowing it was futile. There could be no pity, no chance of a reprieve. We didn't fight that way. A pardoned enemy was still an enemy and the day could come when it was we who were caught.

I even took a pride in my skill. How many had I killed? Forty? Fifty? It may have been more for most times we couldn't bring about to count their dead. A few times when I realised with an odd pride I was becoming like Wilson, as spare, as brutal and as mercilessly popular. The thought made me glow for then I knew I'd truly grown up.

No longer was this a personal affair. It was nothing more than a job.

The day I joined the squad,

Wilson had taught me to decide.

"Joe," he'd said, "only time will tell whether you're going to make it with us. God won't like no other sort of fighting. You'll kill your own countrymen. That's what makes it different. When I was in Vietnam, shooting the VC was routine. It didn't seem to matter. Now, the enemy is a man — or a woman — who looks like you, who can speak the same language. They're your own people but because of the way things have turned out, they're our enemies. You've got to be a lot more dedicated and convinced for this sort of job. Think you can do it?"

"I can only try," I replied. "I don't like what they stand for."

He'd looked at me closely.

"Hating's a big help," he'd told me softly. "You'll find it makes things less kinky . . ."

Quietly, Wilson called the others and he gave us our instructions. Stay spread out, move in short bursts, keep changing directions. Make an elusive target.

"If I'm wrong," he said, "and there's no one over there but our lot, then it'll be all over in a couple of minutes. But if my nose's right, things could get hot. So keep your

heads down. And good luck."

We scattered widely and on his signal we set out across the open ground, up and down, 30 or 40 metres, then to earth, watching another darted forward, ready to give supporting fire, then up again, waving and dropping.

The four of us moved across the open ground, up and down, 30 or 40 metres, then to earth, watching another darted forward, ready to give supporting fire, then up again, waving and dropping.

We went halfway across when it happened and I heard them open fire. You hear two sounds. The first is the bullet cracking the air, the second the explosion, a delayed by distance.

If you're still around after the first one, then they've missed you.

Their firing was enthusiastic but their aim was ragged. As I ran, I saw a small depression before me and I dived. It was only half a metre deep but it gave me plenty of cover. They'd no chance of hitting me while I stayed there. Thompson was moving forward again, the gun spattering about and behind him as the

HOW TO CLEAN AWAY

A C N E

Send for FREE Brochure all about ACNE-BAN, latest scientific treatment for all victims of ACNE, BLACKHEADS, PIMPLES. ACNE-BAN is a safe, sure home treatment, that gives unbelievable results within two weeks. Overseas enquiries welcome. Write YOUR name and address (in BLOCK LETTERS). All Mail to G.P.O. Box

To: SELECTED PRODUCTS,
Dept. A.19, Box 5189, G.P.O.
Sydney, N.S.W., 2001, Australia.

24 Lower Street, Rosebery, 2016

FREE MUSCLE BUILDING INFORMATION



The BODY POWER System is the easiest course in the world. No weightlifting, no gadgets, only a few simple exercises per day done to train and condition the body. Quick results. Already after a month, our clients will notice your improvement. It will make a favorable impression on your looks. Write for details, facts and samples etc.

BODY POWER,
Box 5052-A, G.P.O., Sydney, 2001

FOR SAFE FAMILY PLANNING

Rendells Pessaries are a known method of Birth Control and are available without any restrictions from your family chemist.

For more details write to us for our FREE booklet "Sex Without Fear".

WARD & WARD

[AUST.] P/L

Box A, P.O., Dulwich Hill, 2200

Please send me, under no obligation, a copy of your booklet.

NAME

ADDRESS

WHY ARE YOU STILL LONELY?

With our help . . .

YOU WILL FIND happiness, as give yourself a chance and ask for our FREE ILLUSTRATED INFORMATION TREVER

for Marriage, Introductions and Friends

P.O. Box 108, Clovelly Victoria, 3166
(Please enclose 10c stamp)



bullets boomed but he stayed safe enough where finally he went to ground. We were a long way out of grenade range so when they had a mortar, which was unlikely, we'd made stalemate. True, they had us pinned but there wasn't much they could do to get at us.

I heard Wilson fire off a few shots and I was about to give him a hand, when he stopped. I know why. He'd decided it too dicey for our relief party and he wasn't going to risk hitting one of them.

The change came quickly.

I heard the fire coming from the flanks and I knew the rest of the squad had located them and were hitting. From the sounds, the battle was desperate and I knew men were dying in those trees. That was our chance. I was on my feet, sprinting, knowing they'd be too busy to worry about me. Wilson was a bit ahead. Brown and Thompson had got the message and they were moving in, too, rifles ready.

One of the enemy peeked and took out of the shelter of the scrub, running straight at me. Almost too easy. My foresight was striking his chest when I squeezed the trigger and he stopped as if held run into a strand of Steele's wire, arms flung out. Then he collapsed, inert.

It was over in two minutes. The firing stopped and we were in the trees. The balance of the squad which Wilson had diverted had done a good job coming in from the flanks and behind, and we had killed six of the enemy. The seventh was alive with a jagged wound in the shoulder. He layed still as perfectly.

We shoved him forward so he stood before Wilson who was sitting on the ground, leaning against the trunk of a tree. He was quietly panting from his running.

It was then I saw he'd been hit and he was bleeding from a chest wound. This was serious. The blood was staining his shirt, spreading outward and downward ominously. He coughed, and I could have cried when I saw the bright red drabber from the corner of his mouth.

In that instant, I knew Wilson was dying. It didn't seem possible but I knew it was true. I dashed forward to where he slumped, intending to open his shirt to examine the wound, but weakly he pushed me aside.

"Not now, Joe," he said. "Let's see what he's going to tell us," and he nodded toward our captive.

The two men stared at each other and I sensed an electric antipathy beyond normal cruelty. There was a bitterness in contempt, as acid and I realized they knew each other.



"A baseball glove, a basketball, a movie projector, and a print of Deep Throat."

Wilson pointed to the three bodies dangling from the trees.

"Your lot do that?" he whispered.

The captive nodded, a perverse pleasure in the admission.

"Did they talk before they died?" Wilson asked.

The other laughed. "You'd like to know, wouldn't you? And you'd like to find out if we got the message back, too. Well, you're going to do wondering," and he, too, stared at the now pale-faced bloodstain on Wilson's skin.

Wilson sighed. Now his breath was coming in short, labored gasps.

"Joe," he called to me. I bent down to listen. "It's no use. He won't talk. Hang him now."

I wasn't going to argue. One of the squad handed me a length of rope and I formed a slipknot, putting the noose about the captive's neck. I threw the other end over a branch. Three of the squad grasped it, drawing it taut. The captive ignored me. He and Wilson stared at each other, their eyes locked. They were made each other's minds.

I sensed that between the two men there was a sadness. Both were about to die but the rage was gone and all that was left was regret.

Quickly, the captive crossed himself.

Wilson nodded, and the three on the rope hurried. In that instant before his feet left the ground the captive screamed out one word, "Plan!" and then he hung there, twisting, squirming and gasping as he slowly strangled. It took him maybe ten minutes to die.

We lowered his body and sat

down the other three. The graves were dug in the deep soft earth and we buried the dead, the enemy as well as our own. Wilson watched, then bid them over to him.

"You've dug only 10 graves, Joe," he whispered. It was hard for him to talk. "You'll need one more."

"Wait, Boss!" I said. "You're coming with us. We'll get you food." He shook his head.

"Both of us know the rules, Joe. Get the squad around me. I want to talk to them."

I called them over and they squatted, quiet and sombre. He didn't waste time.

"I'm dying," he said. "But the squad carried on. I want you to have a good leader and I want Joe to take my place. Any objections?"

Now they were staring at me and I've never felt lonelier. This was the prints of consent and I knew that was that. Wilson seemed satisfied.

"OK," he said. "Black off. Leave me with Joe."

They retreated to pat down the loose earth of the graves, pretending to ignore me.

"They'll follow you, Joe," he told me. "Lend them well." He paused. "Funny, it's getting dark. I can't see. Well, let's finish it. Give me the captive. I don't seem to be able to move my arms."

I got it out of his pocket and as he opened his mouth, I slid it in. He didn't hesitate, taking on it immediately. I knew he wanted it all over.

* * *

I led the squad out of the timber.

and we made fast time along the shelter of the river banks. We had to get back to the main body. The Sowards may have talked before they were hanged. We couldn't take chances. Too much was at risk.

After an hour of sweating progress we reached. I found Brown was riding next to me.

"It won't be the same without That Skinny Bastard," I said. "We'll miss him."

"You'll do fine, Joe," Brown assured me. "The squad's got confidence in you."

"Thanks," I replied. There was a pause, then I said, "Funny thing about that barge we hanged. I got

the fucking he and Wilson knew each other."

Brown looked at me thoughtfully and I sensed I'd made a gift. He picked up a twig and scratched meaningless marks in the dirt.

"Of course," he said, almost as if he was thinking aloud, "you wouldn't know, would you? How could you? You haven't been in the squad long enough. You're right." He sighed. "I knew them both and they knew each other."

He threw the twig aside and I knew he was years away. At last he broke the silence:

" Didn't you hear what he called out when we hanged him?" he asked.

I thought back. It had puzzled me.

"It was just one word," I said. " 'Piss'."

Brown shook his head.

"No, it wasn't. You didn't hear it properly. What he said was 'Cunt'."

Slowly, it dawned and he nodded confirmation of my unvoiced question. I felt sick. I had to do something, anything, to break the horror. Hesitantly, I gave the order.

"Ok, men. On your feet. Let's get moving."

Slowly, tiredly, the squad rose and we trudged off downstream, taking advantage of the covering trees.

THE EQUALISER

Continued from page 21

giant grab used in unloading the coal piled onto dust what was left of Blanchfield's body decomposed remains.

The minute particles of what was once Big Bluey Blanchfield, finally went up in a cloud of black smoke from one of the hundreds of chimney stacks in the steel works of Yarrow.

* * *

When Benny saw the second wagon empty its load into the ship, he knew the body of Blanchfield was concealed, and that the ship would be at sea within 24 hours. He raced

back to the scene of the shooting, and spread a layer of coal dust and coal cinders over the bloodied ground. He picked up all the empty cartridge cases, and took them with the Smith and Wesson far into the middle of the mangrove swamps of Bexham. He pushed them down into the mud, knowing that once he left the spot, they could never be found again. Now all he had to do was act normally, and go about his business as usual. People would think what they liked about the disappearance of Blanchfield.

Benny continued to run his game, and he had no more offers of protection. The mobsters had got the message, and left him strictly alone.

There was some speculation and talk, but no one could be sure of anything, and the disappearance of Blanchfield was soon forgotten.

About one year later, they pulled Benny out of a wrecked automobile in the suburb of Stockton. The police and ambulance were on the spot within minutes. Benny was more dead than alive, and was given a blood transfusion at the spot. Being a Roman Catholic, his one great fear was to die in a state of mortal sin. Benny realized that he chances of survival were practically nil. With his face grey and contorted with pain, he spoke in short phrases.

"Quickly, Sergeant — I want a priest! — I can't die like this," a trickle of blood ran from the corner of his mouth. "I have something terrible on my conscience — Blanchfield — I had to do it — please hurry." Then he passed out.

He was six months in Newcastle General Hospital. On the day of his admission the priest had come, and Benny had confessed everything. When the priest had gone Benny then told the police that he had shot Blanchfield one year previously, in the Carrington railway yards. No one expected him to last the night, but the "big boy in the sky" decreed things otherwise, and Benny pulled through.

He stood trial for the manslaughter of Blanchfield, was convicted, and sentenced to 12 years' imprisonment. During the trial the police prosecutor had asked — "Mr Lawson, can you explain to the jury how the body disappeared and where it could have been eventually disposed of?"

Benny's answer left a lot for conjecture. "I am honestly not sure, your Honor. It just seemed to have disappeared into dust and smoke".

The smile on his face was baffling.



"Understand he's a big ripper?"

THEY'LL FIND AMERICA'S BLOOBIEST TREASURE HOARD

Continued from page 20

Whatever the results of Triton's present attempts with 10-X show, 1974 will be the year of the "Big Dig". Triton plans to incorporate large-capacity pumps and heavy open-pit mining equipment to totally excavate and explore the Money Pit all the way through bedrock. There have been a few other attempts to do so, but none got below 100 feet because of flooding or a money drought.

At a cost of \$2 million, plus or take a thousand, Triton engineers plan to open up a crater 100 feet across at the surface, gradually tapering downward to a depth of 200 feet. Inside the crater, work crews are expected to seal off all intersecting flood tunnels and reinforce with shoring timber all other horizontal shafts that exist at various levels.

There is yet another "footloose" plan to solve once and for all the Oak Island mystery. A 47-year-old land surveyor, Fred Nolan, claims that he, not Triton, will come up with the answers to the Oak Island puzzle. A one-time member of Triton, Nolan resigned in 1971 after being claimed on seven four-acre lots on the island. Nolan is thoroughly convinced that these lots, located a few hundred yards away from the Money Pit, give the treasure that lies below.

Instead of drifting or digging, Nolan has spent most of his time during the past five years surveying the island, beginning from ancient stone markers which he believes were put there by the original treasure hunters. He refuses to give anything more than vague references to what he has concluded, but says that he has "almost reconstructed the original treasure map" and soon will embark on digging in "key locations". Confident of his findings, Nolan adds, "I'm done".

Should Nolan and Triton Alliance Ltd fail to solve the mystery of Oak Island, it would not mean the end of "The Great Hunt". Despite the exhaustive labor, the frigid nights, the biting insects, the possibility of a flood or give-in and the ever-present threat of gold-seized, gun-toting claim jumpers, men will continue to seek out Oak Island's buried treasure hoard. Whether or not the human hoard exists is irrelevant. Men will continue to go to Oak Island — because, like Mount Everest, it is there.



"Why don't they just biology books with a nature spread?"

ORACULA

Continued from page 20

"There have always been individuals who have murdered their loved ones and have been compelled to commit the most hideous of crimes by the insatiable force of their urban desires".

Giles de Rais was no obscure individual. He came from a prominent family in Brittany, and he achieved the eminence of Marshal of France in the mid-13th century. At the height of his power, Giles de Rais was accused of a particularly horrific string of crimes. The specific charge was that he had seduced some 150 women and children, had sexually tortured them and then had sacrificed his victims to Satan.

On this charge he was duly tried, convicted, and burned at the stake. Giles de Rais may be obscured in the mists of history, but as Bluebeard the monster he will live on to terrify future generations of women and children.

In the whole panoply of bloody, real-life monsters, there comes only

one that has been reasonably harmless. In the Himalayas, he is called the Abominable Snowman, in Canada, the Yeti, in the American West, the Sasquatch.

They are all described as large, shambolic hairy creatures standing six or seven feet high. About a year ago, there was a rash of sightings of a Sasquatch (or Squatch) in Missouri and Oregon. Large parties fanned out, trying to catch the creature, who was described as being "a very large gorilla covered with white hair and streaking as though he had come from a shiny bog". The searches concentrated on river bottoms areas and near the sewage and storm drain pipes from the towns, but the Sasquatch was never found.

There is one curious point about all this. Call him what you will — Abominable Snowman, Yeti, or Sasquatch — this powerful and frightening creature has never harmed a human being. Perhaps that is because he is thought to be sub-human — and only man himself can become as fiendish as a Demona, a Werewolf, or a Hitler.

LAST LAUGHS



Berry, the sanguine Romeo, had been caught in the girls' dorm after curfew. The next morning he was summoned to the dean's office for disciplinary action. "Young man," the dean scolded, "I'm fining you ten dollars for your misconduct. And, if this happens again, the fine will be twenty dollars. Is that clear?"

"Yes, sir," Berry replied. "But I have just one question."

"What is it?" the dean asked.

"How much would a dinner ticket cost?"

It was the day of the championship football game. Several thousand fans were fighting and pushing to get into the stadium, when all of a sudden, a funeral procession went by. One solitary man stepped out of the crowd, took off his hat, and stood in silence.

Seeing this performance, a stadium guard walked up to the man and said, "I'd like to shake your hand, Sir. That was a very decent thing to do."

"Oh, I didn't have to," replied the man. "You see, she was a good wife to me for almost 25 years."

"Look here, who said you come to bed?" a girl indignantly asked her mate, who was busy unbuttoning her blouse.

"Well," the guy answered, "if you must know, just about everybody."

he was what he'd been doing lately. The friend said he had just spent eight months in jail, after being convicted of rape.

"Rego?" shouted the first man. "At your age? That's the most ridiculous thing I ever heard of."

"I know," replied the other. "But I was so flattered I pleaded guilty."



A man went to his doctor and said he and his wife lived each other dearly, but their love life wasn't what it used to be. "That's because you're fat and out of shape," the doctor told him.

"What'll I do?" the man asked. The doctor replied, "I want you to jog three miles and walk five miles every day for 10 days. That'll get you in shape."

Ten days later the doctor's phone rang and the patient was on the other end. "Did you do what I told you?" the doctor asked. The man said he did and added, "I feel great! It's fantastic!"

The doctor was pleased. "And how is your love life now?" he asked.

"Love life?" the man purred. "I'm 80 miles from home."



A lively young blonde telephoned her mother on the morning after the wedding.

As dawn broke, the girl, worn, tired, but still smiling from a hangover, dropped wearily onto her bed. "Dawn," she moaned as her conscience awoke. "I think I've been bad again. Just how bad is a quickie massage in a Mexican restaurant?"

A senior citizen met his 21-year-old friend on the street one day and asked

diligently about her husband's behavior. "We were making love and someone knocked on the door," explained the unhappy bride, "and he had the nerve to get up and answer it!"

"You mean he just left you lying there?" the mother gasped.

"I wish he had," the girl sobbed, "but he took me with him."



"Gentlemen of the jury," said the defense attorney beginning to warm up to his summation, "the real question here before you is, shall this beautiful young woman be forced to languish away her lovely years in a dark prison cell? Or shall she be set free to return to her cozy little apartment at 2112 Riverside Drive—there to spend her lonely, loveless hours at her boudoir, being kissed by Little Princess phone, 432-5555?"



**"Three-of-a-kind"
always beats a good pair**



**and your
newsagent is the dealer**

\$20 TO \$100,000 IN JUST FIVE YEARS

A MEAGRE BANK of \$20 which grew to the COLOSSAL FORTUNE of \$100,000 in the last five years is the FANTASTIC SUCCESS STORY — but GUARANTEED GENUINE RECORD — of the SENSATIONAL

"ROYAL ROUTINE SYSTEM"

The greatest, most infallible 100 percent system method of winning a fortune from the horse-racing market and put into the hands of the ordinary everyday racing enthusiast. And if you doubt the truth of this statement — DIAL a 65209 LONG-DISTANCE or the following telephone over the four months prior to this just going to press — every one guaranteed a genuine "ROYAL ROUTINE" CLEAN UP.

COMPARE THEM WITH YOUR OWN EFFORTS!

NOTE: Advancing copy has to be sent via Return before publication. All Returns shall be rejected on November 15/68.

Broadwick 16/6/68

RACEHORSES

WALICE CHANT

MASTERPIECE

PROGRESS VISION

SACRED TIDE

ROXIE LANE

CONSIDERATION

ARMSTRONG

ESTATE PRIDE

PROGRESS CLAMOUR

SHAMROCK DAY

Broadwick 21/7/68

BONNIE'S COMET

BLACK FAIRY

BOSS BOSS

BUCKLEBROUGH

Broadwick 16/7/68

EXCERIO

GURKHA

MARSHAL

SEASIDE

WON 10/11

WIN 7/11

WIN 12/11

WIN 7/11

WIN 7/11

WIN 7/11

WIN 7/11

WIN 10/11

<p